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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Everything goes to prove that the battle now reaching its culmination round Liao-yang will be of overwhelming importance. The jeopardy of General Kuropatkin's army is extreme; and the vital flaw in his position suggests the issue of the battle of Leipsic, which gives perhaps a nearer parallel than Sedan on which all the German critics have been insisting. His line of retreat, depending on a single bridge and one railway, is as narrow and difficult as at Leipsic; and the latest information goes to prove both that the retreat has begun and that the road to the north is threatened by a very large force of the enemy. We have no exact information as to the numbers on either side but the scale of the battle is very large. At least half a million men must be engaged and the Japanese alone are said to be employing 500 guns. The duration of the battle and the extent of the operations are of a similar proportion: severe fighting has been going on from the 27th and the line of General Kuropatkin's defence shows a front of not less than twenty-five miles.

During the early part of the week the only information that came through concerned the attack from the south against the Russian right wing. A great battle of varying fortune began on Tuesday and was continued on Wednesday. On the first day the fighting was continuous for about fourteen hours. Some Russian positions were taken and retaken and General Sakharoff, who as usual reported many disconnected details and gave no clear information of the general issue, lost at least 3,000 men. The Japanese losses must have been even heavier: and the issue of the battle was represented as doubtful. It was even declared to be a Russian victory. But there seems to be no reason to doubt that on Thursday morning General Sakharoff began to retreat northward on Liao-yang and the Japanese were able to press home the attack. The whole of the fighting took place on the south-west of the Russian lines, and taken by itself might have done no more than force back the Russian right wing a little further on the natural line of retreat and contract the semicircle of the defence.

Up to Thursday morning, in spite of the severity of the fighting on the Russian right, not a single word was heard of the movements of Kuroki on their left wing, where the great danger lay. Just north of Liao-yang the Tai-Tse cuts the railway to Mukden at right angles and forms as admirable a protection to General Kuropatkin's left wing as in the event of a defeat it would add to the difficulty of retreat. The parallel with Leipsic at once shows the risk of trusting to a single bridge and pontoons. On Thursday the silence was broken by the news that General Kuroki had crossed the Tai-Tse river at a bend in its course with a division acting as a screen to a yet larger force. If division is used in its proper sense, this threat against General Kuropatkin's left and an advance so close on his line of retreat can only mean a decisive battle. With such a force of the enemy on the flank all idea of retirement on Mukden would be at an end, and it is rumoured that the railway is interrupted further north. The battle must be fought; and the stubbornness of the Russian defence, remarkable in Tuesday's and Wednesday's fighting, has become since General Kuroki's crossing of the Tai-Tse a necessity. It is difficult to see what alternative is left but a victory in a pitched battle or a wholly disastrous retreat piecemeal towards the Manchurian boundary.

As to the fighting in the south there are a few certainties, some probabilities, and concealing both a vast number of conjectural facts and theories. Round Port Arthur, which the correspondents released from Tokio will now be reaching, the one certainty is that the town is besieged and has not fallen. Probably the Japanese have narrowed the circle but whether they will yet think it worth while to spend many lives in a great assault we cannot tell. On consecutive days we were told that Kuroki had sent down reinforcements to the besieging force and that fresh troops had been sent up from Port Arthur to help him in his great attack on Kuropatkin. The two bodies must have passed each other on the way. But whatever the progress of the attack it is certain that the defence has been a gallant one. The town has held out against all expectation, Russian as well as foreign, and the prolongation of the defence must have been of real aid to General Kuropatkin both morally and in keeping a considerable number of Japanese troops engaged.

The influential deputation of shipowners who waited on Mr. Balfour a fortnight ago might have been more severely handled if Mr. Balfour had been more reluctant to accept their facts. He was able to show at the time

by a very pretty use of the Socratean method that their estimate of the proportion of British to foreign ships searched and impounded was fallacious. But the gist of their complaint, at least so far as the attention of the general public was concerned, lay in the jealous assertion that Germany had received instantaneous compensation in the case of the "Thea". The assertion was allowed to pass. We now know from our ambassador in S. Petersburg that no compensation has been given and that the owners of the "Thea" are appealing to a higher authority against the decision of the prize court. It is a pity that a body of men of such responsibility as these representative shipowners should have given their sanction to a harmful rumour for which they must have known that there was insufficient evidence.

In the absence of the Dalai Lama who now in company with Dorjief has fled into Mongolia, the negotiations in Tibet are proceeding happily enough; and according to the last news—which comes from Simla—the Mission may return on its home journey unexpectedly soon. September 15 is suggested. The news however is still indefinite and we hear nothing of any precise agreement to the eight remaining clauses of Colonel Younghusband's demand. So far east as Tibet general assurances are hardly worth telegraphing. The English camp has been disturbed by one incident. A fanatic lama ran amok and inflicted severe injuries on two officers who attempted to arrest him. He was at once condemned to death and a fine inflicted on the monastery to which he belonged. The incident is probably an isolated case of fanaticism common enough in the East. A Thursday's telegram, which it is worth notice took only four days, records more pleasing incidents. In return for hospitality small silver coins have been distributed among the poor of Lhasa, and Nepalese, British and Tibetans seem to have shared in the peaceful amusement of horse-racing.

Prince George of Greece, whose position as High Commissioner of Crete has not been so peaceful as the absence of popular clamour would suggest, has suddenly announced his intention of making a tour of the Powers. He will have no difficulty in persuading them severally that the slow results of the concert have not been correspondingly sure. Compromise of the sort to which the concert was pledged is not often of the quality to endure or satisfy. But Prince George's conclusion that the evils would be mended by handing over Crete to Greece will need all his persuasive powers. The solution would possibly be better than the present position, but history does not point to the advantage of entrusting great charges to small and weak Powers, and after all the Turkish suzerainty, even if it means nothing, is not negligible. From the point of view of the Turk, which should be considered, it is a very different thing for Greece, a little nation he has recently defeated, to exercise power over Crete than for Austria, in the much-quoted parallel, to rule Herzegovina; and there is likely to be danger in the plain neglect by outside forces of the relative right and might of the two nations concerned. Prince George himself, in his double duty to the Grecian navy and to the Sultan, is in an impossible position, and it is probable that in any event he will resign the post of High Commissioner, which naturally concludes next year.

The death of Murad, once for nearly three months Sultan of Turkey, was announced on Wednesday. The news had been kept back for two days, it is said to allow of a satisfactory autopsy. His deposition twenty-eight years ago and his incarceration since are not perhaps quite such an easy mystery as is generally believed. He acceded to the throne on the deposition of his uncle Abdul-Aziz and there is no question that the hopes of the young Turkish party were very high. A thoroughgoing democratic constitution was drawn up with the backing of the young Sultan and the excitement was great. The reform was too sudden and extreme to hope for success or to deserve it; and its promulgation made the task of Abdul Hamid easy. He deposed and imprisoned his brother on the ground of his madness and has since steadily increased the autocracy of his power. But is

it certain that Abdul Murad was such a weakling in mind as has been generally supposed? He was as certainly accomplished in the parts of a liberal education as he was without the force of will which distinguished his younger brother. But all that we know of him is at least as consistent with the character of a rather visionary philosopher as with a weakling intellect; and the greater stringency of his imprisonment during the last fifteen years is as consistent with the growing fear of his party as with the increase of his mental malady.

The hopes entertained earlier in the week that the French Ministry and the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles would succeed in settling the grave disputes between the shipowners and their employés have not been fulfilled. A general strike has been ordered by the Dockers' Federation of France, which will include ten Mediterranean ports in France, Corsica, and Algeria. Not only is the trade of the port threatened with paralysis but there seems reason to fear the outbreak of very serious disorders. In the dispute the Government is an unwilling third party. The shipowners, as part of their plan of resistance to the men's demands for better terms of wages and hours, considered that the Government ought to aid them by insisting on the men continuing at work under the regulations laid down for them by the Maritime Code. As their demand was not complied with they refused to perform their contracts with the Government for which they receive subsidies; and thus really "struck" against the Government which is threatening them with fines. The trade-unions had agreed to a joint arbitration board which would protect the shipowners from the indiscipline and unreasonable actions of the men. For some reason this has not been accepted. The attempted compromise has broken down and the ordering of the general strike is the consequence. In the United States the meat strike is extending; and it is said that two millions of people in the Chicago district are being reduced to a vegetable diet. There is a lock-out of the glass-workers in the Charleroi district, Belgium, which may last several months.

We are told that public opinion in the United States, as indicated by the press, is beginning to show a proper hatred of lynch law; but the latest outrages in Georgia show no diminution in brutality and the authors remain entirely unpunished. The negroes who were lynched had been already condemned to death, when the mob from no motive but an insolent hatred took into their own hands the infliction of the sentence in a more barbarous form. It was the best method they could devise of showing the superiority of the white to the black in the art of civilisation. But the lawlessness did not stop at taking the law out of the hands of the proper authorities. The lynching has been followed by a number of attacks, both vexatious and brutal in character, upon innocent negroes. In face of the continued impunity of the authors of the outrages, it is not wholly easy to believe in the change of sentiment in the Southern States; and indeed the menace of a wider outbreak is as actual as it ever was.

Party politics during the week have not been remarkable. The principal pronouncements seem to have come from Lord Londonderry and Mr. Allan de Tatton Egerton, M.P. Mr. Lanfear Lucas, writing to Lord Londonderry from the Junior Constitutional Club, suggests that a postcard should be sent from the Conservative associations to every constituent in their divisions asking whether he favours Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain. One objection to this wise proposal is that the constituent would not feel called on to spend a halfpenny on a reply; and if, instead, a penny letter were sent and a stamped and addressed envelope enclosed, he might remove the stamp and use it for what he considered to be better purposes: the stamp conscience being of a somewhat easy-going character in such cases—the man takes to himself the stamp, saying This repays me for the trouble I have had in opening and reading an unnecessary and unsolicited letter. But Lord Londonderry regards Mr. Lucas seriously. In his reply he says in effect that Mr. Balfour is the only

person to be considered, "the only person qualified on behalf of the Unionist party to propound the policy of that party". Yes; but he would find it a hard thing to push off from the chessboard of politics such a heavily weighted piece as Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Egerton, at a Primrose gathering, declared that the country would not suffer in the least if Parliament were not to meet again for two or three years. To the scandal of the Liberal newspapers, which protest against the speech, he would remove the bauble for an indefinite period. This is quite Cromwellian. We do not expect to live to see anything of the kind occur, and do not suggest that the plan is practicable. But there is no certainty that the country would suffer if Parliament did not sit for three years, provided the money could be voted by some other reasonable means than those which now obtain. A famous Chairman of Committee declared—though not publicly—not very long ago that much Parliamentary legislation was bad and that therefore he viewed obstruction without grave misgiving. It is an easy step from this position to that of Mr. Egerton.

Lord Dunraven's Irish Land Conference Committee has come out in a new shape as the Irish Reform Association, and its committee has issued a report which has caused some sensation in Ireland. Beginning with a declaration of Unionist faith, the Reformers favour "the devolution to Ireland of a larger measure of local government than she possesses", propose the extension to their country of the system of private bill legislation in force in Scotland, with necessary modifications, and call attention to the necessity of educational reform. They hope to further the land-purchase policy, and desire to co-operate in any practicable proposals for the better housing of labourers. Mr. Redmond at the United Irish League Conference at New York (to which by a fine stroke of humour the Archbishop of Canterbury was invited) hailed the new departure as a step towards Home Rule, but in his present position he naturally tries to draw comfort from unexpected resources. There are obvious difficulties in the way of applying the Scotch procedure to Ireland—particularly those connected with the extra-Parliamentary panel—but many Irish Unionists have long felt, with moderate Home Rulers, that there is a large and most unnecessary waste of Irish money in the promotion of Irish private bills. As regards the general principle of devolution, the Irish local bodies have not yet been able or willing to keep practical local matters apart from Parliamentary politics, though they are doing their work on the whole better than was expected. And it should not be forgotten that the Agricultural Council established in connexion with the new department has already introduced a new system in the management of a most important branch of Irish affairs.

We are glad to see this new movement, because it means the development of a positive constructive policy on the part of an uninfluential section of Irish Unionists, at present unrepresented in the Commons and standing for interests which differ widely from those of the Ulster democracy. But it is hard to see exactly where the officers of the new regiment are to find their rank and file. The Nationalist organisation will of course resist the displacement of any Home Rule M.P. by a Unionist "Reformer", the priesthood will look with suspicion on any attempt on the part of laymen of either creed to interfere with their management of elementary education, while the very proper declaration as to higher education will tell against the Reformers in Ulster constituencies. Land-purchase is hanging fire because the extremists have for the moment obtained control of the United Irish League, and if Mr. Redmond cannot keep his own party to their bargain, and Mr. O'Brien sits with folded hands while agitators are inducing the tenants not to offer reasonable prices for their farms, it is difficult to see what landlord members of the conference can do to further the policy of purchase. But there is a real opportunity in the labourers' question. A few Nationalist members are in earnest about the labourers' interests, but the

party organisation has always been controlled by the farmers and their friends in their own interests. Tenant farmers have now got most of the advantages demanded twenty years ago, but labourers are still emigrating by thousands. If the new movement could agree on a common programme in certain matters with Lord Emly and his Labourers' League we might see a new departure in Irish politics which would prove of real benefit to a most deserving and neglected class.

The appointment of Lord Grey to the Governor-Generalship of Canada was almost inevitable. He is brother-in-law of Lord Minto and for the last five critical years has also been in constant touch with Canadian sentiment through his friendship with eminent Canadians. Since his return from Rhodesia, of which he was Administrator in 1896 and 1897, he has spent his whole energies in promoting in one way and another the imperial sentiment. Every imperial organisation—the Empire League, the League of the Empire, the Colonial Institute—has called on him to speak on every important occasion; and his speeches have always been conspicuous for stimulus. No doubt the width of his activity has been its weakness. A logician might say that his energy has been greater in extent than content; and much of the business in which he might at any moment have been found immersed was more sentimental than practical. But his zeal, capacity, personal connexion and the historic associations of his family make his claims to succeed Lord Minto pre-eminent; and he will have what he himself most needs, a compulsion to concentrate his energies.

Dr. Ridding, who died on Wednesday night, scarcely a month after he had announced his resignation, will be remembered perhaps more as a headmaster than as a bishop. He was headmaster of Winchester during the time of its expansion and his life was without interruption bound up in the school. He was born at Winchester and educated there, a Winchester master under Moberly and headmaster in succession to him, and a governor of the school when he died. Perhaps in some ways, great as was his twenty years' work in Southwell, his experience as don and headmaster did not altogether help him as bishop, and it was made a charge against him that he introduced few but Wykehamists into his diocese. His obscurity and oddity in expression were not appreciated in Southwell as at Winchester and Oxford. Much in him was not well understood; though everyone understood his great generosity and appreciated his possession of that individuality of character which so many of the great churchmen's successors miss. In a short time Mr. Balfour will have three vacancies to fill: in Southwell, of which Dr. Ridding was the first bishop, and in the two new bishoprics. Where are the great men to fill them?

Of the many congresses held this week, the Pan-Keltic gathering at Carnarvon is certainly the most amusing and also the most learned; and it would be difficult to exaggerate the extent of the debt which Kelts and especially Welsh Kelts owe to Professor Rhys. If we are in for a thoroughgoing revival of local chauvinism it is well that the movement should be in the control of men of such learning. It is undeniable that in the last fifteen years or so a strong tendency, more literary perhaps than national, has set towards the preservation of local customs and costume and language; and indeed it were a pity to lose the picturesque relics of history. Fishguard oysterwomen, we hope, will still wear the dress that at the beginning of last century frightened a body of invading French into surrender. The creation of a common Keltic language is a more ambitious conception, though in some sense it still exists. We have heard Breton peasants converse with Pembrokeshire cottagers, and Armorican, which is reviving in Brittany, is even now not wholly a strange dialect in Cornwall and Wales.

Mr. Plowden has deferred for a week his decision in the prosecution against the palmist who passes under the "trade" name of Keiro. He has to decide whether the practice of palmistry is attempting to obtain money

by false pretences when the "client" considers it humbug. Another point is whether palmistry is telling fortunes by "witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment or conjuration". Some of the "shots" appear to have been wide of the mark, as when the female detective who was in search of evidence was told that she would deceive no one. One thing seems established that whether female detectives believe in palmistry or not many people take it seriously: and some are willing to pay large sums to learn the art, though that does not necessarily imply belief in it. We may take it that the "unhappy married women" who form half of one professional's clientèle are believers: and those who want to know "if they would get married" are probably equally earnest. It has always been a risky business: it recalls the sinister history of the love philtre. But did it ever occur to a palmist to make himself a really useful person by introducing to the women who want to get married the married women who are unhappy and giving them the opportunity of talking their cases over together?

Anyone who has lived during the summer within reach of the dust of a main road will feel no doubt on the immense increase of motor-cars in England, but a most interesting return made by the Home Office will perhaps outdo expectation. We may take 1896 as the year when motor-cars began to be common. But up to the end of last year not more than 14,000 "self-propelled vehicles" had been registered. Since the bill came into operation on 1 January the number has increased to over 30,000. The total number of motor-cycles has actually been tripled in the last seven months. The bill, timorous and tentative as it was, may be said to have created a great industry: but it is a little difficult to feel pleased that such a stimulus has been given to the least lovely form of "self-propelled vehicles". Probably the number of motor-cycles is even greater than appears, as it is a not uncommon practice for owners of cycles to take out a car licence, which costs the same as a cycle licence and includes the right to ride the smaller machine.

The attempt of the officials to popularise the Ordnance maps by offering them for sale through the post offices has proved anything but encouraging. Yet nobody who has made use of these maps for any length of time denies that they are far the best on the market. There is nothing to rival much less excel them. The ordinary road maps and guide-book maps are poor things indeed compared with the beautiful work of the Ordnance Survey. The Ordnance maps are clear and bold in design, rarely at serious fault in nomenclature, and the method of road differentiation is a great help to walkers, cyclists and drivers. It is not commonly known that the Ordnance Survey is very generous in the permission it grants to other map-makers to use its splendid work. The Ordnance maps, too, are sheets which some people can study by the hour at home. We scarcely know of any other maps to which this applies save the early and beautiful seventeenth-century maps of Speed.

Speed's maps and those of the Ordnance Survey may be an acquired taste: a rather barbarous, high-gearred, low handle-barred, "biking"—horrible but expressive word—public has never heard of Speed. But it has also never heard, certainly never read a page of, Camden: and Leland it would find intolerably dull. It has no eye for the face of the country to-day, much less an interest in the England of a time so long past. It is happy to be totally uneducated in the unpaying, untalked-of subjects of the dull antiquary, the "old party" who commonly hammers the rocks and picks up bits of broken flints and is concerned about people who were buried in the barrows thousands of years ago. Yet the Ordnance Survey, knowing this, set about marking on the maps these very barrows—at least a large number of them—together with "camps" and the like. Fancy the money and time which must have been spent in acquiring all this information! All the plain man wants are the roads and the hills and the towns—and the public-houses by the wayside, the more of them, distinctly the better—on his map. The Ordnance Survey, by the way, does mark some of the public-houses by the roadsides—by a "P.H."

JUDGES AND THE BECK CASE.

THE letters of Sir Forrest Fulton and Sir Douglas Straight which have appeared in the "Times" discussing the circumstances attending the trial of Mr. Adolf Beck are of special value. Sir Forrest Fulton is the judge who tried the case in 1896. Sir Douglas Straight was formerly one of the most able counsel practising at the Central Criminal Court and was afterwards a judge in India. Both are therefore able to speak with authority on the legal view of the case, and the practical lessons which may be drawn from it for a reform of the present system of investigation preliminary to trial, and the steps subsequent to trial which ought to be taken for redressing miscarriages of justice. Sir Forrest Fulton narrates the facts of Beck's trial but makes no mention of the suspicious circumstances of the case as it was prepared by the police for his investigation. His explanation as to the identification of Beck by the women who accused him of robbing them only goes to show that he as judge had no means of discovering any malpractices that may have been used in getting up the case. When he had put before the jury the usual warnings as to the credibility of the witnesses, and the danger of trusting to expert evidence in handwriting, the responsibility rested solely upon the jury. So far he makes it quite clear that Beck had a fair trial in the usual meaning of that phrase. The inquiry which has been asked for by those who suspect the getting up of the case has nothing to do with what happened in court. This may be illustrated by a reference to the proceedings in a recent divorce case where the evidence of identification given at the trial itself raised no suspicion in the mind of the judge who presided. Yet afterwards the whole getting up of the case was questioned by the King's Proctor, and the decree was not only rescinded but the private detectives engaged stand charged with the offence of getting up false evidence. We have no intention of course of expressing any opinion on these later proceedings. The point is that, where a miscarriage of justice appears to have occurred, the preliminary stage of getting up evidence may be the most important for inquiry. In criminal cases we have no such machinery as that of the King's Proctor's office. Sometimes when detectives have concocted evidence we hear of prosecutions for perjury. No one ought to say that an inquiry in the Beck case would reveal what would make a prosecution for conspiracy or perjury necessary; but that there are *prima facie* grounds for inquiry to make it clear whether this is so or not Mr. G. R. Sims has set out very convincingly in his discussion of this affair in his "Daily Mail" articles. Mr. Sims says "The detective officer who was first entrusted with the investigation reported that after making inquiries he was firmly convinced that Adolf Beck was an innocent man. He made a report in Beck's favour to the authorities, and shortly afterwards the case was taken out of his hands and placed in those of the officer who eventually secured the conviction. The circumstances in which an officer who believed in Beck's innocence was ordered to hand over the case to someone else is not the least important matter to be dealt with when the long-delayed investigation takes place. The official responsible for an action which had such disastrous consequences may have a perfectly good and acceptable explanation. But the time has certainly come when in the interests of justice it should be made". We may add that the mere fact that one officer secures a conviction where another fails proves nothing in itself; but if it is subsequently shown that the man convicted is innocent the officer's intelligence and zeal have had very terrible consequences.

Sir Douglas Straight's opinion that an inquiry ought to be instituted is valuable in support of the demand for investigation. Where a department works in secrecy, as our police department does and must do to a great extent, there is the danger that this secrecy may hide many injustices. Our judicial system is pure; but there are many crooked paths leading to the open court. The weak points of our police administration lie at the beginning and the end of its operations; and the preliminary investigation rivals in its abuses the defects of our prison system. When an occasion

arises for uneasiness as to what has happened behind the veil that hides the action of the police, the public safety, the personal liberty of every citizen, is imperilled, if the police escape by wrapping themselves in the mysteries of their office. The Home Secretary, according to Sir Douglas Straight, has legally no power to order an inquiry into what happened in preparing the case against Adolf Beck. He suggests that there should be no difficulty in appointing three impartial and competent persons who would inquire and report to him for his guidance in determining what other action is necessary. The Home Secretary is taking plenty of time to consider whether an inquiry shall be held or not; but if he declines to appoint such a body as Sir Douglas Straight proposes, or fails to devise some satisfactory inquisition, he will neither regard the interests of the public, nor the police, nor his own official reputation. It would be better for the police to be declared over-zealous, and eager to accept the untested evidence of angry and foolish women, than to be under the suspicion of conspiracy to convict Adolf Beck, as will happen if inquiry is refused. Confidence in them will be diminished and they will observe the effects in the distrust their evidence will excite in all the Courts.

But there is another and equally important matter in which both Sir Forrest Fulton and Sir Douglas Straight agree. This is as to the desirability of establishing a Court of Appeal in Criminal Cases. Sir Forrest Fulton says "no one would welcome more heartily than I should the establishment of a strong Court of Criminal Appeal". Sir Douglas Straight hopes that we may yet have an Appeal Court or at least a Court of Revision for dealing publicly with many matters that arise after conviction. That we ought to have this speedily is an irresistible inference, we think, from the Beck case. Sir Forrest Fulton naturally defends his ruling, which excluded the comparison of Beck's handwriting with that of Smith and every other means of proving the non-identity of Beck with Smith. He may be right in claiming that any other judge would have taken the same course. That is precisely what we do not know; because we have no authoritative tribunal to determine the question. Nobody can say that Sir Forrest Fulton was wrong on this point; and in other respects his conduct of the trial is unassailable. There is a Court for Crown Cases Reserved in which there may be appeals on points of law such as that which arose in the Beck case; but it is in the discretion of the judge whether his ruling shall be reviewed by it. Apparently Sir Forrest Fulton was not asked to reserve the point for that Court. Where the issues are so important no man's life or liberty ought to be staked on the hazard of a die—the fallible judgment of one man. The objections to a Court of Criminal Appeal may be put very plausibly. Whenever a change in the criminal law is proposed there is never any lack of arguments against it. It was so with the Criminal Evidence Act which gave power to prisoners to give evidence. Many lawyers prophesied disaster, and much was said which had a family resemblance to what is heard against a Criminal Appeal Court. Yet this Act has proved itself an obviously reasonable part of our criminal system. What influenced laymen, and gave the motive power for reform, was the anomaly of an innocent prisoner not being able to open his mouth in self-defence. In the case of Beck the general public will also see in an equally strong light the anomaly of a system of criminal law which has no procedure for the judicial revision of convictions, and, it may be added, of punishments. Our criminal judges of all grades, wielding their terrible powers, are irresponsible, whilst in matters of money they are under even superfluous control by Courts of Appeal.

THE SAD AND SORROWFUL UNION.

IT is only natural that the remarkable judgment of the House of Lords in the case of the United Frees and the "Wee Frees" should call forth outbursts of temper, whenever any victim of the second "sad and sorrowful union" that Scotland has known enters a pulpit, or forgathers with his mates in a presbytery.

Gentlemen in a temper seldom weigh their words, or otherwise something less foolish would have been said, than that there may have been law, but that there has been no equity about the decision. Using the term equity in its technical sense such talk, as every Scotch and English lawyer knows, is nonsense. In Scotch jurisprudence we believe that law and equity have been always the same thing. From an English point of view the rock on which Dr. Rainy's craft is shipwrecked is neither common law nor statute; but the doctrine of trusts is the greatest creation of Equity lawyers. And using the term equity in a more popular sense, nothing more inequitable could well be conceived than the deprivation of a small minority of its legal rights on the ground of its numerical weakness or its obsolete theology. The truth indeed is that when these irritated gentlemen use the word equity, they really mean policy. Their true complaint against the majority of the House of Lords is that they did not take a leaf out of the book of the Privy Council of former days, and give what might be called a judgment not of law but of policy. Considering the impertinent manner in which many of the United Frees have supported Protestant persecution bills for English High Churchmen, such language in their lips is exceptionally impudent; but in any case the melancholy disrepute into which the Privy Council as an ecclesiastical Court has fallen since the days of the Purchas and Ridsdale judgments is clear evidence that the Courts of Law and religion would have been the losers if (and we apologise for putting the supposition) the majority of the Law Lords had sacrificed truth to expediency. It is perhaps due to the difficulty of finding any real grounds for an attack on the decision, perhaps also to a desire on the part of some ecclesiastical wire-pullers to bluff the Imperial Parliament, that a feeble attempt (taken seriously only in the offices of Radical newspapers south of the Tweed) is being made to lisp the language of Andrew Fair service and to revive the memories of Scotland's "wrongs" in connexion with the "sad and sorrowful union" number one. Ministers who a month ago would have told you, with Ian Maclaren and other lights of the Kailyard school, that from the Scotch and English Union date the glories of Caledonia, are to-day preaching sermons that seem an echo of the Jacobite orations that resounded nigh two centuries ago in the banqueting hall of the castle of Ellieslaw. We have said that this curious protest has its humorous side; it has also its attractive one. If the Lord Chancellor has been the means of inducing the minister and his family to prefer Sir Walter to the Kailyard school, he has rendered an inestimable service to middle-class Scotland. For the rest it may be not amiss to remark that no measure of Scotch Home Rule, though it went to the lengths of the Canadian constitution, could save Scottish litigants from the necessity of meeting Lord Halsbury, if not in the House of Lords at least in the Privy Council. Indeed the only way in which the United Frees could shake off the Imperial Courts of Law would be by a revolution which would restore to Scotland the national independence which she possessed prior to 1707; a revolution which, however much it might appeal to a Jacobite poet, would be regarded with horror by nine-tenths of the business men in that communion.

The practical question however is whether the United Frees can stand the strain of the situation. Much stress is laid upon the enthusiasm of the Presbyteries and the large sums that are pouring in to their relief. It must however be remembered that these Presbyteries are made up of U.P.s as well as of old Free Kirkers, and that the latter have had no opportunity offered to them so far of giving a separate vote. That large sums for the moment are coming into the coffers of the United Frees is merely a proof that the cause possesses many wealthy and enthusiastic supporters, a fact which no one ever denied. On the other hand no one can glance at the correspondence columns of any leading Scotch newspaper without seeing that among the ex Free Kirk laity a good deal of depression and willingness to compromise exists. The truth is that among the bulk of the Free Church lay folk there was never any real enthusiasm for the unlucky union. In addition to the Gaelic-speaking "Wee Kirkers" a good many of the Lowland lay folk especially in the better classes

intensely disliked it alike on religious and social grounds, and these have mostly gone back to the "Auld Kirk". The attitude of the lay majority was one of acquiescence rather than sympathy. In truth there was nothing in the amalgamation scheme to call forth any of the higher enthusiasm that inspired those two great religious movements of the 'forties, one of which is linked with the name of Chalmers and the other with the name of Pusey. The best that can be said of it is that it was an attempt of religious and practical men, who had ceased to feel any enthusiasm for the distinctive principles which had inspired their fathers, to enter into a religious partnership; the worst that two religious bodies of divergent principles agreed to waive points of doctrine with a view to the accomplishment of certain political aims. No one seriously believes that it was a new light in the Scotch theological mind on the evil of schism that was in any way the "fons et origo" of this ill-starred business arrangement. Facts such as these will undoubtedly weaken the United Frees; while on the other hand the "wee frees", antiquated and ridiculous as they may seem, have at any rate the strength that comes from the possession of a clear principle. In spite however of various sources of weakness we consider that in all probability the union of United Presbyterians and Frees will in the main hold together. As we said immediately after the decision, conscience and a sense of humour will prevent the return of the discomfited majority to the old sheepfolds. Here and there however the "Wee Kirk" will pick up stragglers and there will be a general trend of the well-dressed members of the majority to escape from their troubles into the Established Church. Perhaps it is a recognition of facts like these that has disposed the leaders of the United Frees to turn longing eyes to the idea of conferences and arbitrations. Any escape which such devices may offer to the present topsy-turvy situation all good men should welcome. At the same time we must confess that we feel somewhat doubtful, whether the suggested terms of armistice, which have received the support of the "Times" and to our surprise of Sir Edward Fry, who knows something of theology, may not, if adopted, augment the present strife. The offer seemingly is that the United Frees may retain churches now in their occupation for the time, provided that "Wee Kirk" doctrines are not therein attacked. The "Times" and Sir Edward Fry, like many others from the Emperor Constantine, are of opinion that theological wrangles may cease if silence is forced upon theologians. Whenever such attempts are made the controversy, as all history shows, inevitably increases in violence. We think too well of the zeal of the United Free ministers not to entertain a grave doubt, whether (though they might honestly give and struggle to keep such a pledge) they would not at least in isolated cases, and from their point of view quite honestly, employ some rash phrases which would lead their opponents to talk of a breach of faith, with the result that the struggle would become more bitter than ever. Up to the present the "Wee Kirkers" have worn their laurels with discretion; they will show great wisdom if they now grant to the United Frees pro tem at least the bulk of those churches that they now occupy without condition. This however is after all only a temporary question. The present temper of Scotland would seem to indicate a general desire for a compromise; but the theological rocks ahead must not be overlooked. Probably in good time the Free Uniteds will take a considerable share of the worldly goods of the old Free Kirk. But it will take Scotch nonconformity many a year to recover from the crushing blow of the judgment; and end matters as they will, the words at the head of this article represent the judgment that the average man north of the Tweed will long apply to the principal achievement of Principal Rainy's life.

THE STRIKE IN POLITICS.

AN extraordinary series of phenomena has occurred since July in the industrial world. While the war between Russia and Japan has been in progress waged for objects which have set nation against

nation from periods even before history began, the equally ancient feud between capital and labour has been in one of its frequent crises, and its area has by no means been restricted as in the case of the military combatants. In the United States there has been a succession of embittered strikes: the meat strike, that of the anthracite coal-miners, of the cotton-mill workers in Massachusetts, the great building strike in New York which at present seems the latest of the number and is in full activity, while some of the others have by now more or less exhausted themselves. At Marseilles the great shipping strike is still puzzling the politicians, whose path lies exceedingly perilous between the powerful middle-class interests on the one hand and the assertive and rising power of labour with the forces of trade-unionism and socialism at its back. Not more than six weeks ago at Cluses in the Haute Savoie there was a strike of watchmakers which lasted more than a month. When the trouble was about to be settled by the good offices of the Mayor and Préfet, a workmen's procession, while passing the factory of the Crelliez, the employers with whom the disputes had arisen, was fired upon, and three men were killed and fifteen severely wounded. Some hundreds of infantry and a squadron of cavalry had to be introduced into the town to preserve order. At Boryslaw, in Galicia, there was the petroleum strike, which seemed one time as if it were about to develop into serious proportions; but the accounts of it suddenly came to an end with the information that the river was receiving unwonted tributaries of petroleum. We in England for a considerable time, since the railway trouble in Wales, and the colliery dispute in Yorkshire at Denaby, have been spared the more serious phases of labour disputes. Last year saw industrial warfare at a minimum and it appears likely that the present year will repeat that experience. If we did not hold the view that there are worse things than strikes in the industrial world, as there may be worse things than war in a nation's politics, we should call this experience a happy one. But unfortunately 1903 and 1904 have most probably been peaceful because trade has been more stagnant than for many years past: and we could almost welcome the news that a strike was contemplated somewhere for higher wages, if there were any chance of obtaining them. It would be one of the best of signs. As it is we hear with relief of such a lowering of wages as that which employers and men recently accepted from the hands of Lord James of Hereford as President of the Miners' Conciliation Board. It was an indication of the depression of trade as well as of the prudence and good sense of the men and their leaders.

But though the absence of strikes in England for so long may be taken as indication of trade depression, it does not follow that those in the United States and France are significant of any exuberant prosperity in those countries. The trade depression is pretty well universal, and the explanation must lie in special circumstances which have brought about the strikes in spite of depression. But in both cases these circumstances are obscure: and though nominally the origin of the strikes is a demand for higher wages and shorter hours there is at the back of this a number of causes which have only partially come to the surface. In the United States the real cause seems to be the claim of the men to have their share in the monopoly of the meat trust, and this would apply to other disputes such as that of the anthracite-coal men, in order to exact a rate of wages correspondent to the inflated profits of the trust. Thus they get a little of their own back, beyond what is possible to the outside public; and if successful in this they would no doubt acquiesce as cheerfully in oppressing their fellow-citizens as the magnates themselves. In ordinary circumstances very probably both parties will arrange matters on this footing; and the trusts will thus always secure influential support from their workmen. But this year happens to be the year for the election of President, and the action of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration in taking proceedings against trusts in the law courts, and in contemplating further anti-trust legislation, has introduced a new element into the case. The year of a Presidential election is taken advantage of by labour organisations for the purpose of strikes. If the ad-

ministration can bring about an arrangement favourable to the men this is of good omen for the success of the party which takes upon it the office of mediation and carries it to a successful conclusion. In case of failure it earns the ill-feeling of the workmen and obtains none of the éclat which would have resulted from putting an end to a contest which involves so much loss, and even misery, to thousands who are affected indirectly by the strike. The meat trust had been prosecuted by the Roosevelt Administration, and in revenge the companies interested in the trust are said not only to have thwarted what seemed at one time a probable settlement by arbitration, but even to have deliberately provoked the strike. If this is the explanation the strike is significant not only of the policy which the workmen will direct against the trusts, but of the manner in which the trusts use their troubles with their workmen as an instrument in their resistance to the endeavour on the part of the Government to control their operations. There is something exceedingly abnormal in employers provoking strikes amongst their workmen, and we must accept this fact as part of the bewildering politics of the United States. The trusts are an inconsistency in an industrial system which is based nominally on free competition. We cannot look therefore on the strikes that spring up under them as at all comparable with such as happen with us, where they are in most cases significant as being indications of the industrial conditions in the open market.

In the case of France, the other republic which has been involved in such serious labour conflicts, these difficulties apparently have a more political complexion than similar disturbances with us. The much closer connexion which exists between the French Government and the shipping interests, owing to the subsidies and the control of the mercantile service by the Admiralty, than exists here accounts for the unfamiliar features of the dispute. It is not the simple case of the strike of employed against employers. The employers, the shipping companies and their officers, are in effect engaged in a strike against the Government with which they are dissatisfied for failing to bring Government pressure to bear on the men, who, they allege, are making the position of the officers intolerable. So that though nominally the demand of the men on their employers is for a rise of wages and an eight hours day the economic demand is not the only factor in the situation. In the French case as in the American the real difficulty is as to the part the Government shall take in controlling the conditions under which certain industries are carried on. From the peculiar circumstances in the United States and France the contending parties each hope to gain their objects by bringing pressure to bear on the Governments through the political influence they wield. In both the United States and France the State has to interfere in circumstances which destroy its character for impartiality. It incurs suspicion because it is exposed to the exigencies of a political situation. This destroys the usefulness of the State as an arbiter in industrial disputes, which is undoubtedly a rôle it will have to play more conspicuously in the future. As in the settlement of other disputes the judicial authority will have to become totally independent of the legislature and act in a purely judicial capacity. Meanwhile it is worth pointing out that whatever we suffer from disputes between labour and capital and the action of trade unions, a subject of frequent lament or denunciation, we are no worse off in this respect than other countries.

THE CITY.

THE poverty of the money market was very conclusively shown at the beginning of the week, when the transfer of the last instalment of the Japanese loan to the Bank left Lombard Street so bare of floating credits that it had to go straightway to Threadneedle Street in order to be in a position to meet its obligations. The inquiry for loans was stimulated by some calls on new capital issues and also by the requirements for the settlements in Consols and in the

general markets, and the tightness was increased by the calling in of loans by some of the joint-stock banks for balance-sheet purposes. With the turn of the month we have ease again. The banks are lending freely, the Japanese financial agents are helping by the purchase of Treasury bills, and miscellaneous dividend money is filtering back into the market. Hence a sharp drop in money rates: hence also easier quotations for discount paper despite the announcement of an issue of new Treasury bills to the amount of £2,500,000 for which tenders will be received on Monday next, the 5th inst.; hence again a recovery in Consols and the rest of the gilt-edged market (especially Irish Land Stock, Transvaal Threes and India Threes) and a generally healthier aspect of affairs, to which the war news is one contributing element, and a little more public interest another good influence. It is generally expected that cheap money will operate favourably during the better part of September. The available supply of cash is not really large as measured by normal standards, but with trade inactive the inquiry is on a moderate scale, and in addition to the gold that arrives every week from South Africa and elsewhere, a large sum is almost due from India with more to follow. With the Egyptian and South American requirements in front of it, the money market cannot look for any glut between now and the end of the year, and an advance in the Bank rate may become necessary later on, but there is nothing to indicate that there will be stringency in the real sense of that word.

In the wake of the gilt-edged group most other stocks are displaying a better tendency, and Argentine and Mexican railways and South African mines stand out prominently. Home railways are inclined to lag behind, but if there is more pronounced ease in Consols they will not be long in feeling that good influence. In the meantime the market is suffering from poor traffics, and the lack of public support consequent mainly upon the competition of good colonial and other stocks which, while giving as high a yield—3½ to 4 per cent.—involve rather less risk. The restoration of normal conditions in the gilt-edged market will remove this anomaly. Among Canadian railway issues, Canadian Pacifics keep tolerably strong, with the quotation well maintained (allowing for the deduction the other day of half a year's dividend), in spite of the official announcement that it is intended to ask at the annual meeting in October for powers to increase the ordinary capital to \$25,500,000; it being recognised that Canada has a good future, that the country is being opened up rapidly to agriculture and manufacture, that this year's crops will be good notwithstanding the appearance of "rust" in Manitoba, and that the company's shares are well established on the 6 per cent. basis, which at the present price means a net yield of close upon 4½ per cent. The American market is kept firm by the indefatigable efforts of the Wall Street leaders to revive public interest in their wares—efforts which do not appear to be succeeding well, probably for the sufficient reason that the British as well as the American speculator has lost confidence in the market and recognises that on actual merits and prospects there is no room for an advance in values. Mexican railway stocks are attracting attention on the strength of excellent earnings and the approach of the dividend declaration for the first half of the current year; and Argentine railways are favoured for much the same reasons, the dividend series commencing next week with that of the Rosario, which is expected to be at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

In mines there is no particular activity apart from Rhodesians. Several days ago it was rumoured that a very important banket-reef discovery had been made on the properties owned by the Rhodesia Exploration and Lomagunda Development Companies, and a sharp rise in the shares of the companies especially concerned has been the result, Chartered and other Rhodesians hardening sympathetically. So far, the directors of neither company have seen fit either to confirm or to deny the rumours—according to one report because they are making further investigations in order to place the result beyond all question, according to another because they want to acquire contiguous territories at cheap prices. There seems to be no

reasonable doubt that an important discovery has been made, but the withholding of the facts from the shareholders is not a commendable thing.

COLONIAL LIFE OFFICES.

COLONIAL MUTUAL AND CITIZENS'.

THE Colonial Mutual Life Office was one of the earliest colonial companies to establish a branch in the United Kingdom, and its management over here has been of so excellent a nature that if only the results under its policies were more satisfactory it should be able to do a large business in this country. As compared with British offices it suffers the great disadvantage of incurring very heavy expenditure. It absorbs for commission and expenses about 25 per cent. of the premium income. At its last valuation the provision for future expenses was under 22 per cent. of the premiums, so that there is no margin for surplus from this source. In regard to the rate of interest earned upon the funds, the society is not much better off than British offices, and indeed earns less surplus from this source than most of the English and Scottish offices. In 1903 the yield from the funds was £4 3s. 10d. per cent. and as the society values its liabilities on a 3½ per cent. basis there is only a margin of about 13s. per cent. upon the funds as a contribution to bonuses. With an expenditure which exceeds the provision made for it, and so small a margin from interest, it is not surprising that the results under its policies are somewhat meagre. For instance a whole life policy effected at age 30, at a premium of £10 a year, assures £422 at the commencement increasing to £439 at the end of 10 and to £486 at the end of 20 years. These results compare unfavourably with those of average English companies and are much below the results that can be obtained from the best offices. Considering that 1903 was by no means a prosperous year in Australia the volume of new business obtained by the society was fairly large, although not equal to the average amount issued in previous years. There is an important branch of the society in South Africa, the work of which has been considerably interfered with recently, and doubtless this accounts to some extent for the slight falling off in new business. The directors look forward to an extension of the work in that country, and under capable management, it should prove profitable to the society. In order to give results under its policies which will compare favourably with those of other first-class companies, it is, however, necessary for the society to work more economically, and to obtain a larger margin between the rate of interest assumed in valuing the liabilities, and the rate actually earned upon the funds. One way of doing this would be to assume 3 per cent. at the next valuation, but though this would improve the position of the society it would necessarily have an adverse effect upon the amounts of the bonuses.

The Citizens' Life Assurance Company has its head office in Sydney, and opened a branch in this country three years ago. The company was only founded in 1887, and to venture into competition with English and Scottish offices shows at least a considerable amount of courage. It transacts both ordinary and industrial business, and in the former branch the expenses are 16 per cent. of the premium income, as compared with a provision for expenses of 18 per cent. There is thus a margin of 2 per cent. of the premiums for bonus purposes. It would appear as if the ordinary branch was not charged its full proportion of the expenditure, since the industrial expenses exceed 57 per cent. of the premium income. This doubtless means that the shareholders pay part of the expenses of the ordinary branch by limiting the expenditure to 16 per cent. This is a good feature from the point of view of a participating policy-holder. An expenditure of 16 per cent. must be considered economical for a colonial office. The rate of interest earned upon the funds in 1903 was £4 5s. 3d. per cent. The liabilities are valued at 3 per cent. leaving a profit of £1 5s. per cent. per annum upon the funds. The valuation surplus was £44,638 which allowed of a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 10s. per cent. to whole life

policies in force for less than ten years and at the rate of £1 15s. per cent. for policies of longer duration. Endowment assurances received smaller bonuses. We have no records to show the operations of the company before it came to this country, but for 1900 it declared a bonus on whole life policies at the rate of £2 per cent. and in 1901 it declared no bonus at all, even though the valuation for that year, as published in the Board of Trade Returns, was made on a 3½ per cent. basis. An examination of the accounts suggests that the company has not yet been able to place itself in a position to maintain a steady bonus at a good rate; even with the advantage of income-tax abatement, which its policy-holders in this country now enjoy, it has little or nothing to offer that is so good as policies in first-class English or Scottish companies.

THE TACT TO LISTEN.

THE great talkers of the world have been much praised but how dependent are they upon the inglorious company of listeners, the willing receivers of the Petruchio "cuff" which is "but to knock at your ear and beseech listening". What a debt of gratitude the world owes to Boswell, the incomparable listener, who supplied as it were the vital spark to the mind of Johnson, stuffed already with inflammable matter, idle only from lack of means of ignition! Excellent Boswell. Content to be a recorder of verbiage, a kind of concealed prompter or showman, silent and unashamed. Nor is our admiration less because great intellectual qualities are not required from the listener. Both Addison and Dr. Johnson preferred their little coterie of admirers to the society of their peers; some mute receptacles into which to pour their superfluous babblings.

Nevertheless, although an inferior intellect suffices for the listener, there is a certain art or tact required in throwing in the appropriate ejaculations of astonishment or interest at the right moment; a facility for adjusting a somewhat limited vocabulary to the requirements of the occasion. And how few they are in number! Such polite exclamations of incredulity as "You don't mean that!" and "You astonish me!", the easy assurance of "I see" and "That's true", the dignified drawl of "Really?" and "Quite so!", down to the homelier uses of "Gracious!", "Lor!", and "I never!", with a few modifications, practically comprise the whole list.

Each, however, must be used in its own sphere, with the proper modulation of tone suitable to the occasion. There must be no jarring of sympathy, but an entire oblivion of self and an intelligent attention to the purport of the speaker, not merely an assumed or acted show of interest. Nothing is more disconcerting to a talker than the monosyllables of a listener whose heart is far from him, or who, being preoccupied, answers wildly or at random.

The true talker—as opposed to that irrepressible being whose mission it is to make conversation, to break in upon a pleasant and natural silence with his trivial banalities and idle chatter—requires not many comments or interruptions. He anticipates your replies in the statement of his case, and stifles all eagerness by a quiet, almost deprecatory, uplifting of his hand. There it is that the art of listening is seen at its best. The mere trifler cannot restrain his inclination to break in—to obtrude his impertinences on the measured flow, taking a mean advantage of the speaker's pausing for breath, or possibly even for effect, to burst into the gap like water through an aperture in the dam.

On the other hand, it is hard to talk to an entirely dumb listener be he never so attentive. Some indications are wanting as to whether the speaker has his assent or the contrary. Absolute silence is killing; as much so in a discourse as it is to an orator or preacher speaking to a diminishing or empty house, or one whose attention has flagged. What courtesy and good nature are required to listen patiently to a story imperfectly told, or that we have heard before; to feign an interest in the doings of persons with whom we are unacquainted; to keep our attention fixed when the conversation of another happens to be of real moment or delight to us! And still more to

hearken patiently to a joke with a tedious array of facts necessary to its development—to know that at the conclusion we must laugh, and that unconsumedly, however mirthless or obscure the point. We must meet his expectant look with no forced gaiety; none of that hollow laughter more offensive if possible than the ill-timed burst of merriment. Above all, 'not the premature smile.

How fallacious (as Charles Lamb proved once for all) the accepted notion that a man ought not to laugh at his own jest; must "sit esurient at his own table". The most cheery and infectious of our story-tellers will shout with laughter in anticipation of his own joke, at the huge absurdity he has in store for his hearers. He does not wash his hands of the matter, leaving them to complete the task. He laughs, and so do we, immoderately, from the pure joy of the thing, although we may never even hear the cause.

One may confess personally to a certain shyness born of vanity that renders us uneasy in the society of strangers, especially in that of the blameless. The little embellishments and hyperboles, perhaps not unlaudable, with which we are wont to enrich the nakedness of the soil become something more than venial beneath that searching gaze. Some there are who have the faculty of taking us as they find us. We become at once natural in our demeanour and surprise ourselves by the good sense of our remarks and the acuteness of our perceptions. Where we halt from lack of a word or inability to express ourselves clearly, they are ever ready with better clothed substitutes, which they present to us, with exquisite delicacy, as if they were our own, and we had inadvertently dropped them.

With others we are from the first awkward and artificial. We stumble, and they lend us no helping hand. We blunder, and they regard us with a stare, cold and pitiless, that fascinates and embarrasses us until we become hopelessly involved in a maze of inextricable confusion. They are not listeners in fact; but seek only to acquire knowledge that must be imparted in the precise and authoritative terms of an encyclopædia, making no allowance for the hesitations and disparities of temperament.

Say we own to being of the race of listeners, and are ever content to yield our minds to the disposal of any wishing to enlighten us. At the same time let them keep their distance, and not seek to encroach beyond their proper domain by a series of unprovoked assaults on the sanctity of our persons. They peer into our faces as if to probe the depths of our understanding, call our attention to the poignancy of their remarks by sundry and impatient taps; some even going to the extent in the abstraction of the moment of adjusting our necktie, or removing a speck of dust, or a long hair which they smilingly exhibit.

Perhaps the hardest ordeal which the reserved listener has to undergo is to be confronted face to face with a talker who adopts the cross-examining or bullying method of conversation. He has a perpetual craving to get at the root of matters which the most strenuous protestations of innocence are unable to satisfy. He sees in your averted eye a want of straightforwardness or ulterior design, and in your hesitating manner signs of prevarication. Delighting in his own discernment, he pursues your reticences with growing suspicion, and brushing unceremoniously aside your little outworks of caution and reserve, shows you up for what you are—an abject and deceitful creature.

There is too the acquiescent listener who is ready to accept the most preposterous statements. The proponent is baffled by such placid submission to his authority. The affair is too one-sided—too much like hitting a man who will not retaliate—there is no opportunity afforded for a display of dialectic, and other and subtler forces—the retort and rejoinder, and final pulverisation.

Sailors are proverbially reticent and hard to excite. In vain we have endeavoured to draw from one of them some exclamation of wonder by a series of alarming reports and fearsome phenomena. They met each with an unemotional almost weary reply of "Yessir?" in a faintly interrogative tone of voice.

But it is when listener meets listener that the situa-

tion becomes really involved. They find themselves in an anomalous position, each more ready to receive than to give. They are embarrassed by the novelty of the situation in which they find themselves, like a lady called upon to propose, and are timorous of their own initiative. They hazard topics for discussion and endeavour each to thrust upon the other the responsibility of enlarging on them—towers of defence in fact without an exit. The listener with no one to listen to is almost as pathetic a figure as the talker with no one to talk with; and his state has been put with some suggestion of real pathos in those pathetic lines of Jean Ingelow—themselves suggestive of infinite possibilities:—

"Man dwells apart, though not alone
He walks among his peers unread,
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said."

MR. BRIDGES ON MUSIC.

WHEN I wrote last week about the music we export in bulk to the Continent, I had not seen in the "Monthly Review" an article by Mr. Robert Bridges called "English Music: a Practical Scheme". If anyone else has been unfortunate enough to miss it, let me recommend him to read it at once. The main arguments I will summarise here for the purpose of discussing them. In the first place, Mr. Bridges does not seek to prove that our music is in a lamentable state. He asserts it. One paragraph must be quoted:—

"It is a reflection which must cause us most painful regret, if it be not even a ground of national reproach and discredit, that our countrymen, whose musical endowments are second to none in the world, should during the last century have taken such an inferior rank in this living and spiritual art. The position that we should have expected to hold is witnessed by the earlier history of music, for it is an eminence whence we have fallen; and that we might still occupy it is attested by our keen appreciation of the most modern developments of music, and by those concerted performances which are unsurpassed out of England. As for the actual decadence, I am writing to those by whom it is recognised and lamented; and I would only point out that its evident and sufficient cause was accidental, for orchestral music was developed in Germany at a time when English music was stagnant and almost dead, its springs having been utterly quenched and choked by the civil war; the new art therefore grew up impressed with the characteristics of a foreign temperament, and we cannot now identify ourselves with it, and be as truly part of the stream, as if it had flowed spontaneously from our own life. And though music tends to become more and more cosmopolitan, it cannot be denied that its exact actual condition has been largely determined by national character: and such differential qualities are an accident which might have been other."

Here we are, then, he continues, "with the possible material to work on", and "an all-sufficient means to work with"; and "by a very simple course of action we could in a few years assure ourselves of all that we desire". He then argues that the music we like is the music we have been accustomed to, and "to call a healthy national taste into being we have only to get rid of the bad music from our children's education". So he proposes to go to work where most of our worst music is found, in (1) the primary schools, (2) the churches, (3) the theatres and music-halls. He would have the head inspector of music draw up a list of pieces to be sung in schools; and he reckons that in ten years "all our young people of twenty years old and under who had been to school would have the foundation of a sound musical taste, and in thirty years the whole population under forty". All this I take leave to doubt; but passing the question for a moment, there remains to note that Mr. Bridges is hopeless about the theatres and music-halls and has no remedy to offer for the positively loathsome music of the church. He trusts for reform to come from the lower classes, though he trusts to some good being done by certain workers in connexion with the schools

of the higher classes. He concludes: "Unless my practical scheme is open to some grave objection, I hope it will receive the attention of those in whose hands the musical future of the country lies."

I hope so too. It is an excellent sign that a poet of Mr. Robert Bridges' culture and distinction should come forward with a plan to disarm the enemies and destroyers of good music. But let us see more precisely what he would be at. In the paragraph I have quoted he tells us virtually that all the good music of the last hundred years (he might have said two hundred) is German. Supposing, then, that in thirty years everyone less than forty has a "sound musical taste", that taste will be for German music, and if by some lucky chance a few composers came forward with a purely English music they would receive hardly more attention than they get to-day. I may remind Mr. Bridges that the musically educated portion of this nation has always loved German music, and that, as far as the production of a music of our own is concerned, we are little the better for it. Thousands of the lower, middle and upper classes have always liked bad music just as they like bad verse, bad novels and bad pictures, and their numbers may in time be reduced; but I cannot believe that any substantial reduction will be effected in thirty or even in sixty years. Still, some good might be done, and any plan is to be welcomed that will lead to the better understanding of good music, of no matter what nationality. The Germans began by taking Flemish and Italian music and out of this created a purely German music—so that, as I wrote here in a former article, the ancestry of Beethoven's choral symphony can be traced back in a direct line to Palestrina's masses—and we might use German music in an analogous way. But would Mr. Bridges' plan have even a small portion of the result he hopes for, and is it, after all, so very practical?

Is it practical? I don't think it is. There is no reason to believe that a single inspector would draw up a good list of pieces. The late Sir John Stainer might have done it, but I have absolutely no faith whatever in his successor. Stainer was an exception; but what guarantee have we that the present inspector is a man of fine taste, or that his successors will be any better? Again, what guarantee have we that some future inspector may not be connected with a publishing house whose copyrights he may find it highly desirable to purchase for the nation? In view of the Chantry Bequest scandal such contingencies must always be borne in mind. The question of copyrights would be an important one, for even children would not want eternally to be singing the same songs and the list would have to be continually added to. But supposing that instead of a single inspector—and how one hates the very notion of a professional inspector meddling with ever so elementary a form of art!—supposing that the gentleman has made his list, or supposing—which would be much better—that half a dozen disinterested musicians had made a list, to what extent would the taste of the children be improved by singing the finest music in the world as they would certainly be taught to sing it by their schoolmasters? The music may be good enough, and the taste of the children may be uncorrupted, but heaven preserve us from the musical schoolmaster! He gets his two or three childish certificates and rarely troubles further: he is regarded in the school as an authority because he can, sometimes, read the lines and spaces and knows the meaning of tune-signatures and sharps and flats. His taste is often—nay, generally—of the lowest; and the proof of this is that the selections of music he has made in the past have resulted in just the state of affairs for which Mr. Bridges proposes a remedy. Had the average schoolmaster any real feeling for what is fine in music the primary schools would now be doing all that might be achieved by the adoption of Mr. Bridges' scheme. I will go further and say that if inspectors did not through their trade degenerate into hide-bound pedants and lose all sense of art they would soon put an end both to the vulgar music sung in schools and to the vulgar manner of singing it. Mr. Bridges wants to change the music but leave the inspectors and schoolmasters—leaving, indeed, the

inspectors to change the music—neglecting the truth that the most splendid music in existence can be made vulgar by a vulgar rendering. His proposal, carried out, could do no harm and might do a small amount of good if the choice of music were left to a group of musicians and the inspectors had no say in the matter.

We like, says Mr. Bridges, the music to which we are accustomed. Let us accept this, though I doubt the universality of its application. Children pass a certain number of hours in school, and of those hours a very small fraction is given up to music. They escape from school and return home or play with their fellows. What music do they hear at home, in the streets or fields, in the theatre or music-hall when taken there, in Sunday-school or church? Certainly not the pretty things that might be selected for them from Mendelssohn, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and a host of lesser masters, but the most odious tunes that the devilish ingenuity of man has ever assisted him to invent. There, at once, the game of training children by "accustoming" them to good music goes to pieces; instead of becoming so accustomed to good music that bad will be intolerable to them, the good will be nothing more than a dry, unwelcome interruption of the day's lessons. The good can never, unaided, hold its own against the bad: the very qualities that distinguish the good from the bad, a trifling subtlety of rhythm, a small departure from the common melodic outline, perhaps a lovely touch of harmony not to be taken in at a first hearing by the uncultivated ear—all these are disadvantages compared with the commonness of tune and of harmony and the savage directness of rhythm that mark the popular music-hall song. That mark also, it may be said, the hymn tunes beloved especially of the Evangelical parson and Sunday-school teacher. If there is no remedy for the music-hall and theatre, still less is there for the church. The parson has come to think his stupidity in artistic matters a positive virtue; and if by desecrating the house in which he preaches with music beneath the level of a music-hall he can draw in two or three of the long-eared—who go away pleased in proportion to the vulgarity of the hymns and the shortness of the sermon—then he thinks he has rendered his God a service. So long as the parson has the control of the music in the churches that music will remain a thing objectionable to every cultured man and woman. The parson is not forced—as Mr. Bridges suggests—to have bad music: he generally forces it on his congregation. I was an organist for many weary years of my life; I know well the music that is published for the use of churches and sung in the churches throughout the country; and I believe that after the theatre is reformed and the music-hall become a place of artistic entertainment the church will still be indulging in nigger-minstrel music. Of course some of the dissenting bodies—notably the Wesleyan and Presbyterian—have got down to depths undreamed of in the music of the French music-halls; and there they seem likely to remain.

Admirable in intention as Mr. Bridges' article is, and useful as calculated to set people thinking, I think its facts and inferences are alike to a great extent mistaken. The "springs" of English music in the seventeenth century were not "utterly quenched and choked by the civil war", for our mightiest musician was born only two years before the Restoration; and we have revived, anyhow, sufficiently since to have done something if the civil war was all that was the matter with us. The causes of our decadence are more complex and lie deeper than any mere civil war. Roughly, at the very time when Germany was combining her folk-song and Italian forms and technique to build up a magnificent national music, we ceased to have a folk-song—for men were devoting themselves more and more to industries and ceasing to have pleasure in their work ceased to sing—and our musicians, dominated by Handel, deliberately cut themselves off from all other music forms and technique save those of a great composer to whom they were personal. Things might have gone better in the nineteenth century had we not have been ruled by a set of dull Academics such as the late Macfarren, to whom anything new was hateful and to be suppressed, to whom every incipient genius was a

"dangerous" person. Sir George Grove was an admirable man and in many ways he did much to help music forward in England; but nevertheless music marked its lowest point when he, no musician, an amateur, a business organiser, was appointed director of the Royal College of Music. The Royal College, the Academy, the Guildhall school of music—here we have three strongholds of the enemy. In the hands of philistines who pose as serious artists and well-wishers of the musical art in England they turn out every year youngsters who have less insight into the real nature of music than the average twelve-year-old German schoolboy. It is disheartening to find that three schools, where Mr. Bridges' plan is already in operation, produce only rarely a pupil whose natural gifts are stronger than the influences to which he has been subjected, and it is sad that our most talented young people have to go to Germany, whence they return with an unhealthy contempt for their own country and a complete lack of faith in the possibility of doing anything here. Indeed, I don't know which is the more lamentable, the Royal College cub who regards Sir Hubert Parry as a great composer or the Leipzig cub who, coming home half-taught, looks down upon every one who has not been to Leipzig.

If little or nothing can be done in the schools, nothing in the churches or music-halls, if the professors in the music schools need to learn something of the essentials of their art, what hope is there? Little enough, I admit; yet I am not altogether hopeless. As for the schools, we might do something with them if properly trained music masters were appointed and if in selecting masters music were not regarded as an accidental accomplishment like that of the lady's maid who could turn a mangle. Then something might be done with the inspectors, and the tonic-solfa system might once for all be expelled from every school which receives State aid. And all these things will count for little. In the fulness of time—it may be in thirty years as Mr. Bridges thinks, but more likely in one hundred and thirty—orchestras and opera-houses will have grown up all over the country, and then each successive generation will see a greater number of people going to hear fine music because they find they like it. But the time is so far away that we need not speculate as to details. It is a slow, tiresome business, and those who wish to see the millennium must wait in patience and by strict attention to diet and habits of living try to live a little longer than Methuselah.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE TRESPASSES OF TO.

IT is time that a stand were made against the insidious and unceasing encroachments of the preposition "to". We appeal to Oxford and Cambridge; we call on every lover of English; we ask every intelligent person to bear witness to the trespasses of this urchin of words, going on unchecked to the impoverishment and demoting of our language. "To" is a very little word to stand up to, but its very littleness makes it the more mischievous. It creeps in unthought of to the exclusion of better words, and we are now rapidly nearing the time when the bulk of English speakers, knowing their own language only by hearsay, will recognise no other preposition but to. It is spreading as the green scum on water, every individual plant a thing tiny enough, but in the mass overgrowing the whole, covering the face of the water with thick darkness. The unbroken reign of "to" would whelm a world of etymological history, render English an irrational language, and bring about a dull sameness, phonetically most undesirable.

Let us prove our case. First there is the flagrant trespass of "different to". No one doubts that "different from" is right and "different to" wrong, nor pretends that it could be otherwise; and yet "to" has all but ousted "from"; and good speakers look on either unconcerned or helpless: or even are aiders and abettors of the trespass. Mr. Arthur Balfour is one of the guilty. And that misfortune, with hosts of equally bad examples, leads some even educated and intelligent English speakers and writers to apologise for "different to" under the plea of use; they say the only standard of

language is the use of good speakers. That, of course, is arguing in a circle. It leaves it open to any recognised man of letters or public speaker to change the language at his own will. We were going to say "corrupt the language", but in this connexion corrupt would obviously be an irrelevant word, for the plea of use necessarily excludes the possibility of corruption. The potter cannot be said to corrupt his clay by moulding it into one shape instead of another. And the use or custom school of linguists treat language as mere unformed clay at the disposal of the potter, which is the speaker who is recognised as good. Lord Rosebery, for instance, might start the fashion of saying "I is" instead of "I am", or he might drop the aspirate in Home Rule or pronounce it in hour; and if Mr. Thomas Hardy, say, chose to do the same, there you would have authority enough; and it would according to the plea of uses be correct to say "I is". But the very fact that the word corruption is so frequently spoken of language shows that most of us have an instinct that language is not a mere inert plasticity but has a proper eikon, its own form. We are directed to the unquestionable fact that language changes and grows; precisely, and everything that grows without one exception has its proper lines of development. Nothing that grows is mere material for the manufacturer to mould as he will.

We decline to admit that use is any valid apology for "different to". The correctness of "from" is not based on custom at all; it rests on a much deeper foundation, historical and logical. Union and separation are two fundamental conceptions of language, because fundamental in human consciousness; they are the same conception at bottom as you and I, here and there, the prime conceit of existence. "From" arises from the idea of separation, motion away from the speaker, "to" responds to the idea of union, motion to the speaker. Thus in correlating "different" and "to", we yoke together two not merely unequals but incompatibles. "Different to" is the absolute negation of intelligence in language. On the same grounds "abhorrent to" is a monstrous phrase, but in current use. Equally "averse to", or "aversion to". Properly "averse to" a thing can only mean particularly disposed towards it, being turned from other things to this one in particular. Similarly "alien to" and "distinct to" is a trespass on "from". And what can be said of "remote to"? That is happily not a common trespass; the offence is too glaring; but we have known people write it deliberately. Thus does "to" begin to insinuate itself.

The trespass on "from's" land is the most striking because the most audacious and unwarrantable; and curiously enough it is also the commonest. But "to" also trespasses on "with's" land and sometimes on "for's". People say "compare to" when the very word "com" necessarily requires "with" and not "to" to follow. So "agree to" is usually a trespass on "agree with". But "talk to" is not a trespass on "talk with"; it depends on the point of view. We believe we have heard people say "inconsistent to", and we are not sure we have not heard "sympathise to". Any way it would be no more unreasonable than "compare to".

The trespass on "for" or "of" is more doubtful. "Dislike for" or "of" is better than "dislike to"; but in to have a liking "to" instead of "for" a thing "to" has an arguable case. The concept implied is union not separation. So in "dissimilar to" it may be pleaded that the preposition may as well take its cue from the element of union in similarity as from the separating particle "dis".

But the great offence is the aggression on "from". We hold that every man or woman that has any care for the English language is in duty bound valiantly to resist "different to" and the cognate offences.

FIRST-CLASS CRICKET IN 1904.

THERE is little matter for comment in the events of the cricket season which is now drawing to its end. It has been marked, like other recent seasons, by gigantic scoring, by the usual high percentage

of drawn games, by lack of novelty in method, and by general absence of changes in personnel. It can hardly be said that Englishmen, like the ancient Athenians, are perpetually in need of some new thing. At any rate they show little sign of this characteristic as regards the heroes in the field of athletics. A Frenchman, we think, would long ago have wearied of a Fry; but the English cricket world is as warmly interested in the great Sussex batsman's career at the present time as when he first won universal renown. Only an amazing degree of dulness, such as characterised Nottingham cricket in the good days of Shrewsbury and Scotton, can diminish the crowds that throng to the 150 county matches, the chronicling of which is so substantial an item in the summer profits of the popular press. An ardent shooting-man would not hold with Lord Byron that the killing of one partridge is very much like another; nor would the cricket enthusiast allow that the dismissal of a Warner very closely resembles the dismissal of a Beldam. And with more reason than the shooting-man. For shooting lacks, objectively regarded, the human element which is all in all in cricket; and which, when combined with the representative element embodied in a well-known team, so powerfully affects the imaginations and sympathies of educated and uneducated alike.

We have discussed in an earlier article the causes of the fascination exercised by the game over all who come within its influence; and especially those moral factors which render it so shrewd a test of nervous endurance. The sports connected with horsemanship, polo, hunting and racing, certainly involve a greater degree of physical danger and for a brief period a sharper tension; but we question whether there is any pastime, with the exception of mountaineering, which makes greater demands on the mental and physical powers of the players or requires for its successful performance more self-abnegation and self-control. We take pleasure in believing that the knowledge that the game involves the exercise of qualities so dear to English tradition atones in some degree for the hero-worship that nowadays so often awakes the ridicule of the uninitiated.

Interest and novelty being almost synonymous, it is certainly lucky that the game which seems the most satisfactory embodiment of the Englishman's instinct for open-air sport contains so much of novelty in its detail. For, as we have suggested, there is nothing more monotonous, regarded from the outside, than modern athletic competitions. The same matches, the same factors, the same men, the same places, the same absence of climax, the same disconnection of the different events, the same absence of definite progress, which is perhaps one of the most striking differences between pastime and serious occupation. Was there ever a game that so triumphantly overcame these huge disadvantages?

Nevertheless the fact that it has overcome them does little to facilitate the task of discussing this year's county championship in its broader aspects; for nearly all that is new is matter of detail, and we cannot enter upon detail here. With the general result most of our readers are probably already familiar. Lancashire, after a season of brilliant all-round work, is easily champion. Yorkshire, thanks more to fewness of defeats than quantity of wins, is second. Kent, the most improved county in England, is third, Middlesex fourth, and Nottinghamshire and Sussex, both handicapped by a long list of draws, are fifth and sixth. Next come Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire and Derby; followed at a considerable interval by Somersetshire, Surrey, Worcestershire, Essex and Hampshire. The drawn games up to last Saturday amount to 56 out of 151, or considerably over one-third of the whole. Even Lancashire has drawn ten times; while Yorkshire and Sussex have failed to finish six games in every ten. In the middle division wins, losses and draws are fairly evenly distributed; in the last, of course, losses preponderate. Essex has lost ten games, Somerset eleven, Surrey and Hampshire twelve apiece. The order of merit is largely confirmed by the averages of the individual members of the different teams. The first six counties, for instance, have contributed thirty-two out of the sixty-nine English batsmen who have played eighteen or more innings for

an average of twenty-five and over; and nineteen out of the twenty-nine English bowlers who have taken fifty or more wickets for twenty-five runs or less apiece. Of these Lancashire and Yorkshire contribute seven batsmen and four bowlers each, and Kent seven batsmen and three bowlers; a sufficient indication of the strength of these three fine teams. Surrey, a thoroughly unsound side, can show only two batsmen and one bowler. The South Africans have five batsmen and three bowlers on the roll of honour, numbers which very fairly represent the strength of an eleven which has extended every team that it has encountered.

That Lancashire was the best all-round side throughout the season few will doubt. Mr. Brearley, Cuttall, Hallows and Kermode were a formidable lot of bowlers; and in Tyldesley and Mr. Spooner the county possessed two of the very best batsmen in England. In batting indeed Yorkshire is probably the stronger; but its attack has lost some of its old devil, and the falling-off of Rhodes and Hirst was not counterbalanced by the fine form of Myers. At one part of the season indeed Rhodes was almost useless as a bowler and it seems doubtful whether he will ever return to his form of two years back. Hirst has been before the public for about fifteen years; Mr. Jackson is not regularly available; and the younger men are none of them equal to these two great cricketers. If Yorkshire's star is to wane, it is fitting that it should be eclipsed by a luminary long obscured partially but never totally, the county of Kent. All cricketers will rejoice to see the county which first made the game famous "ascend self-raised, and repossess its native seat". "Self-raised" it may truly claim to be, for the directors of its cricket policy have brilliantly succeeded in their persistent efforts to discover new local talent; and there seems every likelihood that with the help of Humphreys, Seymour, Blythe and Fielder and their powerful array of amateurs their highest expectations will be fulfilled.

Of the other leading counties there is not much to be said. Middlesex is what it always has been: a needy frame decked out in gorgeous raiment. It depends too much on a few men, Messrs. Warner, Beldam, Bosanquet and Hearne; and two at least of its best players are only available for a month. In Mr. Bosanquet the side possesses perhaps the most dangerous cricketer in England; but Trott has fallen off, and Hearne, wonderfully as he has bowled this year, cannot last indefinitely. Has ever a bowler worked so long with such consistently good results?

In the Nottingham team Mr. Jones and Iremonger have had wonderful seasons; and Wass and Gunn have bowled with great effect on various occasions; but the attack still wants reinforcement, and there is a tail in the batting.

In Ranjitsinhji and Mr. Fry Sussex can boast of perhaps the two greatest living batsmen, but if they fail their side has not much recuperative power; and when, as usually happens, they succeed, the bowling is often too weak to complete the victory. We cannot help dropping a tear over Surrey, once so great, now reduced to one great batsman, one very good batsman, a couple of hard-working but scarcely first-class bowlers, and a wicket-keeper.

Taken as a whole county cricket seems to show a tendency to "level up", which certainly holds out more interesting prospects than the hollow triumphs of Surrey and Yorkshire in the past. Though there must always be some sides which show manifest superiority, still the degree in which they do so is less marked. That this should be the case is probably due to two causes, the spread of the game and the formation of schools of young players at the various centres.

A word of warm congratulation is due to the South African eleven. Under the captaincy of Mr. Mitchell it has shown first-class, though not international, form throughout. It possesses in Mr. Tancred an exceptionally fine and consistent batsman, in Messrs. Kotze and Sinclair two very dangerous bowlers, in Mr. Halliwell perhaps the best wicket-keeper now living, and most useful players in Messrs. Schwarz, Shalders, Hathorn. There is hardly a passenger on the side. We shall look forward to another visit from the Cape with great interest.

SALVE GORILLA!

NEARLY twenty-four centuries ago Hanno the Carthaginian, exploring the West African coast, found on an island a community of what he took for wild men. The female sex preponderated, and three were captured, their lords and masters fleeing to the heights whence they bombarded the enemy with stones. The hairy ladies, moreover, refused to go quietly, and were thereupon unchivalrously murdered by their captors, and flayed, the skins remaining at Carthage till the destruction of the city by the Romans. Hanno found that the native name of these beings was Gorilla, and in his brief account we find the first record of any anthropoid ape. It has been objected that the true gorilla does not now range as far north as the point where Hanno encountered his wild people; but this objection has little weight when the known curtailment of the range of many other animals in historical times is taken into account. That the Carthaginian admiral should have considered his monsters human is not astonishing, considering the views held to-day about anthropoids by many races. Everyone knows that orang-utan means "wild man"; and the Bengali, who has long known this creature as an imported curiosity, calls it by a similar title. Indeed, in the Calcutta Zoological Garden one has been asked by a native woman whether the orang exhibited was not a man?

Classical antiquity, however, learnt no more about the gorilla, and we may safely enough infer that even legendary information was scanty, or surely the Romans, who collected living animals for the circus with an energy worthy of a better cause, would have somehow sought out the great ape to make a gladiator of him. As it is, the gorilla next turns up soon after the beginning of the seventeenth century, when our own countryman, Andrew Battel, gave an account of him under the name of "pongo", evidently a corruption of "n'pungu", the chimpanzee being distinguished as "engeco" (nschego). The adventurer in this showed himself wiser than Buffon, who later mixed up the orang and chimpanzee with the "pongo", although acquainted with Battel's account. About the middle of last century the gorilla at last attained to scientific recognition; it was first introduced to Owen's notice by Dr. Savage the missionary in 1847, and later in the same year the great anatomist obtained two skulls. Other relics went elsewhere, and after Du Chaillu's celebrated expedition in 1856, a whole gorilla in pickle rejoiced the savants of the British Museum. The anatomical structure of the gorilla has thus been long known to scientists, as has its external appearance to the public, but chiefly from museum specimens and the popular objection to "gorilla damnifications of mankind".

But of the life of the beast in the wilds of the Gaboon and of its intimate nature as revealed by captives we as yet know but little; for few Europeans have seen the great anthropoid wild, and few also have been the specimens—always young—transmitted to Europe. Everyone, therefore, who is interested in the higher forms of life should lose no time in making the acquaintance of a little gorilla now at the Zoo. This animal, a young female, only arrived there on 19 August, with an older companion of the same species and sex, which, alas! is already dead—so uncertain are the lives of anthropoid apes even under the careful nursing of the Zoological Society's officials. I am inclined to think that this delicacy is very largely due to bad rearing, and that if the zoological societies of more civilised lands would unite to finance an agent in West Africa who could be relied on to care tenderly for the little creatures from the day of their capture, they would be found more hardy. The little gorillas at the Gardens at once impressed the observer as being more human in appearance than chimpanzees; they were more inclined to stand erect, had more human figures and extremities—hands, feet, and ears—and their black faces resembled a negro's even more than the caricature countenance of the chimpanzee does that of the traditional Irishman of American comic artists. The furry-looking grizzled coat of the gorilla is, indeed, less reminiscent of hairy humanity than the lank black covering of its rival; but, after all, hair is a point that must

be left out of consideration in appreciating anthropoid resemblances. Man's comparative nakedness, for instance, is impressive till we remember that his skin differs less from an ape's than does that of his highly-bred white pigs from the bristly hide of their undoubted ancestor the wild boar.

"Chloe", the surviving specimen at the Zoo, seems a playful little thing, and was on good terms with the deceased "Venus", although the animals had not been put together till their arrival at the Gardens; they had come to England, nevertheless, in the same ship, "Venus" with a companion in the shape of a quite young mandrill. So attached was she to this little baboon that it was taken from her before she was associated with "Chloe", lest her jealousy for her pet's welfare should affect her friendly relations with that young person. The young gorillas which have been studied in captivity seem, indeed, to be nice little creatures on the whole, though Du Chaillu's first specimen was a demon. But a longer life might have given opportunity for taming this individual, and others have been delightfully amiable. Such was the specimen exhibited at the Berlin Aquarium in 1876, which slept in his keeper's bed and ate at his table, behaving on the whole "with propriety, playfulness and good temper", though showing such an amount of mischievous roughness as might be expected from a rather badly brought up child. Such a child is, indeed, suggested, by the average anthropoid at the corresponding age, but increasing years seem rapidly to animalise the creature, and though the female gorilla always retains at least as much of human semblance as the orang and chimpanzee, the male, which grows to a much greater size, departs further and further from it. It is customary to exclaim at the extreme brutality of the male gorilla's countenance, with its prognathous jaws, bull neck, and leonine tusks; yet, even in a museum mummy, there is a suggestion of rugged nobility about the creature, which is, after all, better looking than the bear. And what a physique the gorilla has! As high as man, and far his superior in breadth and power, in his naked strength he defies the leopard, a beast which when it takes to man-eating is more dangerous to humanity than the tiger. Even in the skeleton, the gorilla's massive structure makes human build appear weedy; what he loses in beauty he certainly gains in strength.

It will probably be many years before we see this forest monarch encaged in Europe; in fact, if all the stories about his ferocity were true, it might be thought he was hardly worth the risk. But, as a matter of fact, it would seem that the gorilla is harmless enough except when wounded or cornered; moreover, he is an affectionate if surly husband and father, threatening, indeed, and even cuffing, his wife and children if they do not show enough promptitude in picking fruit for him, but in compensation sleeping on the ground while they rest on a platform in a tree, that he may guard them against nocturnal carnivores. Nor do we hear that he commits the human abominations of killing his wife through jealousy, or ill-treating her for the mere love of bullying. Nevertheless, the gorilla would seem to have his conjugal troubles. Supremacy in the little family communities of gorillas depends on brute strength, and the vanquished male, as in so many animals, is driven away to sulk alone. It is quite possible that this fact may explain the old native stories of gorillas so ferocious that they would snatch up and choke in mere wantonness negroes who passed beneath the bough where they sat watching in the forest gloom—this horrible Thuggee being a quite possible amusement for a "rogue" gorilla.

But poor lonely little "Chloe" is not likely to become the belli teterrima causa to any two male gorillas; it is rather to be expected that she will, if she lives, condescend to accept a partner of humbler rank among the five chimpanzees now in the Zoological Society's collection; for it is not good even for a gorilla to be alone, and after a careful introduction at first, she may live long and happily with such a companion.

F. FINN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPOILING OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Some few months ago you did good service in allowing correspondents to denounce the many "tags" which infest our literature. May I crave space to ventilate a grievance which is becoming too great to remain silent under? I wish to denounce the abominable expression "in connexion with", which is used in every column of every newspaper every day. Unless some steps are taken to suppress this expression, it will oust all our venerable Saxon prepositions in no time, and "at", "by", "with", "from", "to", and "of" will have disappeared for ever. I could give hundreds of examples; but let these suffice:—"The secretary in connexion with the association"; "the prize-giving in connexion with — school"; "he went to Australia in connexion with a gold-mine"; "the manoeuvres in connexion with the troops on Salisbury Plain". I am sure we shall soon have "a revolution in connexion with Russia", and I hourly dread "the fall in connexion with Port Arthur". Forgive my weakness, Sir; but I write "in connexion with" "the silly season".

Yours faithfully,
OLD PREPOSITION.

S. OMER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss, 28 August, 1904.

SIR,—An instance of the application of the same saint's name—with and without final s—to two different places is supplied by the British Colony of New Brunswick which contains within its area both S. John's and S. John—the latter being also the appellation of its principal river; and of a parish in Cornwall.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
E. T. FRERE.

EVOLUTION FOR BABES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kincraig, Cutcliffe Grove, Bedford, 28 August, 1904.

SIR,—I think it would be an advantage if all elementary schools throughout the country were supplied with a standard text-book giving an accurate summary of Darwin's observations and conclusions as recorded in his "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man". I presume none of the disputants in the controversy as to what precise amount of theological dogma should be taught to children will object to young minds being acquainted with Darwin's conclusions. I believe all the sects accept the evolution theory, and I think it would not be difficult to present the facts in such a way that children, at least in the upper standards, could understand them.

I think great good would result if scholars at the public schools were also familiarised with Darwinism. At present the average schoolboy knows little or nothing about the matter.

Yours truly,
J. A. REID.

[We wonder that someone has not suggested this before as a cure for the rural exodus. It could not fail to have as much effect as Parish Councils—which were to keep the people on the land—have had. Personally, however, we should have more faith in Lord Salisbury's circus for the purpose.—Ed. S.R.]

MISPLACED NOISE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is fairly notorious that London is in several respects one of the worst managed cities in the kingdom, and so long as the powers of diverse authorities overlap one does not look for any remarkable improvement. But perhaps you will be willing to give publicity to one particular grievance which may at any moment affect any of us who fall into the hands of doctors. Welbeck Street, W., is a street of private houses, a good many of which are nursing-homes. There is no reason in the nature of things why heavy traffic should choose this route between the Marylebone Road and Oxford Street,

except for the fun of turning round two corners and disturbing invalids; but all day long there is an incessant roar and rumble of carts and drags which lasts well into night. To an invalid in a nervous state or a critical condition the noise is maddening. But there appears to be no remedy. I am told that the local body concerned has refused to lay down wood paving: this may or may not be the case.

But since the police in some parts of London do seem able to turn traffic at their will, is it too much to ask that a recognised centre of nursing-homes should be given a little peace? Under present conditions a doctor's work is rather like Penelope's web: the progress he effects by day is undone by the noise at night. I think the question is really one of some concern to the West End as a whole.

Yours truly,
EUMÆUS.

THROSTLES AND THRUSHES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—One hesitates to make a trivial criticism on Mr. Selous' "Duels of Thrushes" in your issue of 20 August, but is he justified in applying the name "throstle-cock" to the song-thrush? The word is given, I think, in several books as a local name for the missel-thrush, and although I have not found it in use in any part of the country I know, in Derbyshire the missel-thrush is certainly called "throis-cock" (I give the word phonetically) which suggests a corruption of "throstle-cock". It is perhaps worth noting that when "cock" occurs as part of the local name of a bird, there seems to be no reference to sex; thus the grouse in Scotland is moor-cock (the feminine of which is certainly not moor-hen) and the missel-thrush itself is in some places "storm-cock". "Ouzel-cock", however, is an exception to this rule—if it be a rule. But is "ouzel-cock" post-Shakespearean?

Yours faithfully,
M. C. S.

WHISTLER'S POPULARITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 August, 1904.

SIR,—May I protest at this date against what is, I think, a most misleading view of Whistler's popularity, and does not present America's attitude towards Whistler at all? It was said that "the hardest judgment and the most galling neglect seems to have come from Whistler's own countrymen". "Nor has a single work of his a place in the latest catalogue of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York". The answer to the first allegation is that at least three-quarters of Whistler's paintings were bought by Americans, and are now in America.

I do not know how many permanent exhibitions of art in America have purchased Whistlers, but to my own personal knowledge the public galleries in Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburg possess paintings by Whistler. It is well to add, too, that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has on view an excellent collection of this artist's etchings, and that the New York Public Library is the owner of what I believe is the finest collection of Whistler etchings (as well as dry points, lithographs, and Whistlerana) in the world.

I am, Sir, &c.

A. E. GALLATIN.

"AMERICAN LITERATURE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 James Street, Haymarket, S.W.

27 August, 1904.

SIR,—We have read the above article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 27 August and would like to point out that we are the publishers in this country of the following books mentioned: "General Gordon's Reminiscences"; "Memoirs of Henry Villard"; "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come", by John Fox, jun.; "The Blazed Trail", by Edward Stewart White; "Sir Mortimer", by Mary Johnston. Possibly it may interest some of your readers to know that these books may be obtained from any bookseller or library in this country.

Yours faithfully,
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

REVIEWS.

IN PURSUIT OF BROWNING.

"Browning." By Edward Dowden. London: Dent. 1904. 4s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S "Browning" is just what Mr. Chesterton's was not. "Youth", in Browning's phrase, "strove through acts uncouth towards making"; and in this case made someone quite unlike Browning. The elder critic has been able to repose on half a lifetime's thought on the most thoughtful of poets; also he knew Browning, more than once saw Browning plain and spoke with him; a benefit which perhaps might have saved "even the youngest" of our critics or biographers from preferring himself above his subject. But the book is essentially impersonal, an attempt to extract the personality from the mass of attributes preserved by all those who have written of Browning as he seemed to them at different times and in different places. For example we were pleased to see in many allusions and notes full justice done to the new material contained in Mr. James' life of Story. The fault of the book is a corollary of this thoroughness. In order to give every facet none is quite sufficiently polished and brevity is sometimes obscurity. Quotations are often cut too close. In a beautiful letter written by Browning soon after his wife's death he compares himself so far as we remember to an old worn-out piece of furniture. Professor Dowden omits the simile and quotes only the conclusion "when I was moved I went to pieces"; and how flat it falls. It may be worth mentioning in passing that the simile is found in very similar terms in the introduction to "Guy Mannering". On many accounts we could have done with less aloofness in the critic, a less determined intention to see Browning from outside, steadily and whole. But when all is said we have in the book an epitome of the man and his work

"With his flowers to praise and his weeds to blame
And either or both to love",

which will give every reader of Browning a more trustworthy *πῶς ὁρῶ* than any book yet written. Some small additions and corrections might be made in another edition. "The Lost Lender" on p. 74 is a misprint; we should have liked some explanation of the problem of this poem; also perhaps of "Instans Tyrannus", which is not mentioned. Browning's art of versification, in which he had odd theories and a quaint pride, is scarcely touched on; and unquestionably he was a great inventor on this side of his art. Apart from details such as the curious internal rhymes in "Le Biron de nos jours" and the rhymes of "The Flight of the Duchess" (given to poor Hood—himself perhaps our greatest authority on rhyme, as such—for his Magazine) the subject of his odd-lined stanzas merits a critical analysis. Touching a more essential point we can scarcely believe that Professor Dowden—unless he were vexed by the knowledge, which he does not allude to, of Dickens' easy tears—puts "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" so low as his criticism implies. It is idle to insist on the dramatic flaws, which belong rather to the false comparison with "Romeo and Juliet" than to the poem itself, before the simplicity and the intensity of the pathos. It is not a drama to be judged in the footlight atmosphere.

But these are small things. With very proper art Professor Dowden avoids the general mistake of overmuch isolating the parts of Browning's self or his poems. He does not pigeon-hole his opinions, his religious, social, domestic views; nor take the poems one by one in isolation from each other. Of Browning above all poets, with the possible exception of Byron, it is necessary to take the life and the work in a piece, to connect the inspiration with the incident. Browning's poems were his viaticum. The vivacity of his hopefulness, which led him for example to run off with his wife to Italy to the salvation of her life, and later to face London society when she was dead, is the burden of his best work from "Prospice" to the epilogue. His conversation, some one said in effect, was like his poems only clearer. You need the man to know the

poems or at least you do not grow fully to love the poems till you find the man in them. And more than this the incidents often are necessary to the interpretation. Shelley's elevation, Wordsworth's serenity, Tennyson's art produced things whose permanence is independent of the triviality of their occasions. "Adonais" and "In Memoriam" in their different degrees do not miss meaning and beauty though we forget Keats and Hallam; and Wordsworth's "light that never was on sea or land" needs no acquaintance with Beaumont's picture. But what a gleam is added to "The Ring and the Book" by the knowledge of the "square old yellow book", part print part manuscript, of the price of "eightpence English just"; and of the perambulatory way in which he "fused his spirit and that inert stuff". Even "James Lee's Wife", the finest succession of dramatic lyrics in the language however we look at it, grows wonderfully in splendour from acquaintance with Ste. Marie the "wild little place in Brittany" with "such a soft sea and such a mournful wind!

"And some midsummer morning, at the lull
Just about daybreak, as he looks across
A sparkling foreign country, wonderful
To the sea's edge for gloom and gloss,
Next minute must annul.

Then, when the wind begins among the vines,
So low, so low, what shall it say but this?"

It said in fact very many hard things; but it is perhaps the common experience of those who most enjoy Browning that of a sudden, from some new bit of knowledge or accidental coincidence of mood, some change in the angle of refraction, the opaque becomes clear, the baffling shimmer of the opal an essential colour. And here is the secret of Browning's cardinal distinction. He was always hunting the Protean and with his rare energy of thought would not let it go however baffling its tricks of evasion.

"With thee, O Lord, I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day",

says Wesley in a beautiful hymn; and this was Browning's religion of life, to drag its meaning from the little likenesses and contrasts such as we all get glimpses of, but all let go as mood or occupation or mere idleness order. He was often baffled, as in "Childe Roland", but what enlightenment we gather from the vain hunt. If outside Malory and his predecessors, the spirit of the quest, the reach for the impossible is better given we have yet to read it; and there is nowhere a finer pæan to the courage of faith than the conclusion to that triumph of grotesque description—

"And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew—Childe Roland to the Dark Tower
came".

This spirit of divine curiosity brought Browning nearer than others to the philosophies of things. He hunted evasive doubts and queries and if he consciously missed the ultimate solutions, he discovered a foundation of faith in love and religion which made him with the help of his creative courage the most hopeful of our poets. Doubt so to speak was the condition of his faith, in love and religion, as it was the inspiration of his work.

"For me, I touched a thought, I know
Has tantalised me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
Mocking across our path) for rhymes
To catch at and let go."

This thought he hunts about the ruins and the flowers of the Campagna and as it were runs to earth in the soul of his companion there, but

"Just when I seemed about to learn!
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn".

His hope is baffled for a moment, but in compensation his doubt is as certainly baffled by hope.

"Just when we are safest there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower bell, someone's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears."

To understand Browning we must hunt with him, travel his country, take his checks and make his casts, and when we get in full cry with him it will be a ride to remember, even though now and again it be over the Childe Roland country—"Bog clay and rubble, sand and stark black dearth".

THE POTTER'S THUMB.

"William Adams. An Old English Potter; with some account of his family and productions." Edited by William Turner. London: Chapman and Hall. 1904. 30s. net.

THIS book forms a useful complement to the series of monographs on potters and wares that have appeared at intervals during the last few years. That there should be a demand for so many books of the kind betokens a widely spread taste for the wares of which they treat, for it may be assumed that but few people, like Mr. Solon, feel it a duty to possess every book that deals with the potter's art. On the other hand, the aim of nearly all the writers is, very naturally, to appeal to the collector and supply his wants rather than to make a bid for literary popularity. A large section of the recent literature has dealt with English productions of the eighteenth and earlier centuries, a fact that may more reasonably be attributed to the originality and attraction of the wares than to the blind patriotism of the collector.

The story of the fluctuations of modern taste in art is curious, and by no means unprofitable for those who care to note the blind side of the public eye and make their investments in that direction. Half a century ago the industrial art products of the eighteenth century were endured as being ancestral possessions or bought with a languid interest for a certain grace or quaintness. Collectors of such things did exist, truly, but their tastes were thought peculiar. The great modern increase of wealth is now, doubtless, sufficient to account for the more than corresponding rise in price, but it does not explain the keenness of competition for such things as Chippendale chairs and Adams mantelpieces. Fashion in collecting is without doubt responsible for a good deal, and is very naturally fostered by the dealers who "stock" the goods most in demand, but it can scarcely be questioned that the education of the collector's eye is the true reason for high prices. The charms of the object were there before, but he had not been taught to observe them.

With the wares that were produced by William Adams and his great contemporary Josiah Wedgwood, it can scarcely be said that there ever has been a time when they were entirely out of fashion. From Wedgwood's own time up to the present there has been no break in the manufacture of the ware chiefly associated with his name, and the same may be said of the Adams family, for the last of the four dealt with in the present work died only forty years ago. In addition the earliest potter of the family is said to have been at work in 1654, while in the female line the craft is stated to have been in the family in the thirteenth century. It is rare to meet with a claim to such continuity of a trade in one family, and even if this earlier date be accepted with some reserve, there is fair certainty that the Adams family was engaged in the manufacture of earthenware well into the seventeenth century. William Adams of Greengates, the first of the modern quartet, seems to have been apprenticed to the great Wedgwood, and in spite of the claim to independence and even superiority put forward by his descendant, we can hardly doubt that it was to Wedgwood that he owed the special training and skill by which he made his reputation. It is in fact impossible to deal with the finer wares produced by Adams without comparing them with the similar productions

of Wedgwood. Nor does our author try to avoid such a comparison, but on the other hand boldly claims that Adams ware was in some respects superior to that of Etruria and rejects any idea of his ancestor being an imitator of Wedgwood.

One is ready to grant much in such a pious claim, but in this case it can scarcely be doubted that the world's verdict is a just one. There is with Wedgwood a classical purity of form, a carefully studied subordination in the applied ornament and a perfection in the technical quality of the work that Adams equalled but rarely. It may, indeed, be said that a careful study of the forms made by Wedgwood will alone enable anyone with an accurate eye to distinguish his vases from those of any of his imitators or contemporaries. Nevertheless Adams was among the best men of his time even in the difficult and delicate manipulation of the jasper wares, by which no doubt his name will best survive. But, like Wedgwood, he made other wares, and on equally practical lines. It is said that a Wedgwood jug or teapot never pours badly, and the same merit may be given to Adams. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the appearance of the jugs and tankards shown on Plate XII. of Mr. Turner's volume, and the forms of the silver mounts are in admirable taste. These are in fact of the fine highly-fired stoneware that is now chiefly associated with the name of Doulton, though it is in reality one of the oldest of domestic wares, having been extensively made on the Rhine in medieval times and thence largely imported into England in the sixteenth century, chiefly in the form of "greybeards" or "bellarmine". But even here one may be permitted to doubt whether both in "body" and design the Adams factory was quite without some inspiration furnished by the models of its competitors in the same field. Turner, one of these, produced vessels almost identical in form and material, and with certainly as much perfection. Nor was he alone; a host of others were busily employed in supplying the market with nearly all the varieties of pottery that are characteristic of the time, and it must be confessed also, were in the main elaborated by the Wedgwoods. It is certainly impossible now, and would have been difficult even then, to apportion to the individual makers at the Potteries the precise amount of credit due to each for his share in the progress of the craft. But we do know that Josiah Wedgwood spent large sums and took endless pains in experiments for the perfecting of his wares, that he employed the best artists of the time and was careful to secure the best models for his classical subjects, and further that he was an admirable man of business. Even these facts might not be conclusive were it not that the wares produced by Josiah Wedgwood will more than stand the test of comparison with those of any of his contemporaries. Thus, while one may admire the enthusiasm of Mr. Percy Adams in maintaining the reputation of his ancestors, it is not possible to endorse to the full the claims he puts forward. Had Josiah Wedgwood not existed, it is probable that but slight grounds would have been found for the volume now in question.

There were many kinds of commoner ware made by the Adams family, and it may fairly be assumed that it was by these, rather than the more purely ornamental pieces that figure in collections, that the firm was kept going. A great feature of the manufacture would seem to have been the ironstone dinner services, a ware that possessed nearly all the advantages of the more costly porcelain, with the added virtue of greater strength. Some of these are now of great interest from the views that were printed upon them, especially those representing London streets in the twenties.

The Adams factory, like others of the time, had a considerable export trade, and an agency was established in New York early in the last century, and thence a great quantity of these blue-printed services found their way into Mexico and the Southern States. They appear now to be much valued by the local collectors, if one may judge by the number of inquiries that are made as to the history of the manufacture and the names of the patterns.

Mr. Turner might well have been more drastic in his editing of the volume. Its arrangement is exasperating,

and this in addition to the fact that the four potters treated of all bear the same name of William Adams; such an antecedent condition might well have been a warning to an editor. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, the printing good, and the various lists of wares, patterns and marks will commend the book to collectors, who will doubtless appreciate the fairly exhaustive index.

NAPOLÉON III. AND THE DOCTRINE OF NATIONALITY.

"The History of Twenty-five Years." By Sir Spencer Walpole. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans. 1904. 24s. net.

SIR SPENCER WALPOLE'S new work is in our opinion a most interesting and valuable addition to the contemporary history, not only of this country, but of Europe as a whole. The author has been wise in not attempting a continuation of his former work, for the domestic history of England from the end of the Crimean War to 1880 was singularly uneventful and, except during the brief interval of legislative activity in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, was unmarked by any large measure of reform in the constitution of the country. By the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 and by the repeal of the Corn Laws, the English people had confided their destinies to the rule of the middle classes whose opinions guided the policy of this country for the next thirty years. A system of *laissez-faire* became the order of the day. "Intent on his private and his public ledger the ten-pound householder", in the words of Sir Spencer Walpole, "had neither the taste nor the time to extend his horizon. He did not pause to think of the responsibilities and opportunities of a wide and growing Empire. So far as he thought on the subject at all, he deplored the expansion of his race. The colonies of England, in his view, were imposing burdens on the Mother Country which she could ill afford to bear".

It would be unfair, however, to suggest that this conception of our imperial responsibilities was the exclusive possession of one political party or of one section of the community. Mr. Cobden was not the only British statesman who, to quote the words of Mr. Chamberlain in a recent speech, "looked forward with hope to the separation of Canada, desired the loss of India, expected the independence of Australia". Both political parties regretted our colonial expansion, which was only suffered to continue by reason of that innate characteristic of the English people which Bulwer Lytton described to Mr. Gladstone in one sentence "Neither the English public nor the English Parliament likes any policy that gives anything up". Foreign politics had as little interest for the ten-pound householder as colonial government. It is at first sight therefore rather curious that it was during this unimaginative period in our history that the Foreign Office was busier than it had ever been before or has been since. Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were as militant in despatches as the peculiarities of their constituents forced them to be pacific in deeds. Their diplomacy "represented the temporary enthusiasms much more accurately than the ordinary opinions of the middle classes". The ten-pound householder took a philanthropic interest in the political aspirations of the down-trodden races of Europe which were struggling to be free; but he realised that peace was essential to his commercial prosperity, and, after the experience of the Crimean war, had no intention of allowing this country to be dragged into any European war for purely sentimental reasons. Satisfied with his own political supremacy, enamoured of the commercial expedient of Free-trade, which he fondly imagined that the rest of Europe would speedily adopt, he was content to watch the political development of his future rivals—to look on as a spectator whilst Cavour and Bismarck destroyed the geographical arrangements arrived at after so many heartburnings in 1815.

The Treaty of Vienna had proved a triumph for the Legitimists—for Talleyrand, for Metternich. It was a settlement conceived in the spirit of eighteenth-century statecraft, unsuited to Europe after the wars of

Napoleon. It soon became clear that the European State system of the eighteenth century was at variance with the eager aspirations of a new generation. "Divine right of kings", to quote Mr. Morley, "providential pre-eminence of dynasties, balance of power, sovereign independence of the papacy—these and the other accredited catchwords of history were giving place to the vague, indefinable, shifting, but most potent and inspiring doctrine of Nationality". The work of the Congress of Vienna gave Europe a breathing space to recover from her exhaustion, to prepare for the new wars which its work of necessity entailed. France had been left too strong, Italy was still nothing but "a geographical expression", Prussia had been given enough to make her want more, Austria did not yet realise that she had lost the leading position in Germany.

The territorial bargaining in 1815 really made Prussia the foremost German Power. She gave up to Russia the purely Slavonic part of her population, the districts of Poland which she had secured by the Second and Third Partitions, and received in exchange part of Saxony and a firm hold on the Rhine. Austria, on the other hand, entirely failing to realise the change which Napoleon's system had produced throughout Europe—the doctrine of nationality—and relying on the policy which had on the whole been so successful in the eighteenth century, sought her compensations in Italy. She still retained the nominal headship in Germany—her Emperor was appointed President of the Confederation of Germany which was inaugurated at the Congress of Vienna—but her geographical situation unfitted her for the position. Her population was more Slavonic than German—her strength was largely in Italy. Her trade was by the Danube, whereas the trade of Prussia was by the Elbe and the Rhine.

Prussia, by sacrificing her Eastern dominions obtained a purely German equivalent which must ultimately insure her supremacy in Germany and inevitably bring her into conflict with France. At Vienna Metternich may be said to have secured the certainty of the war of 1866, Talleyrand of that of 1870. In 1856, the date at which Sir Spencer Walpole begins his new work, many changes had already been made in the arrangements arrived at in 1815—changes based upon the doctrine of nationality, foreshadowing the greater revolutions which the next twenty-five years had in store. Greece had been freed from the yoke of Turkey. Servia and Roumania had been converted into quasi-independent states. Belgium had thrown off the supremacy of the Dutch. France had once again overthrown the legitimate Monarchy and, after an experiment in bourgeois kingship, had re-established the Empire under a new Napoleon. In 1848 Europe had been torn by revolutions in which the demand for reform in Italy and Hungary was inextricably associated with the efforts of race to shake off the unpopular rule of an alien dynasty. The Crimean War had for a time diverted men's thoughts from all other things, but Cavour had seized the opportunity by joining the Allies against Russia to obtain a status for Piedmont in the councils of Europe, to fire "a pistol-shot in the ears of Austria". Sir Spencer Walpole has paid a well-deserved tribute to the work done by Cavour towards the union of Italy, but all Cavour's efforts would have been useless had not Napoleon III. sat on the French throne. Italians should not forget the words of Mr. Gladstone that Napoleon "stood single-handed in a cause when any moment Europe might have stood combined against him". It was the misfortune both of his dynasty and of France that the Emperor was the upholder of a nationalistic policy which enabled statesmen like Cavour and Bismarck to obtain his assistance in building up the union of Italy, in consolidating the German Empire.

Queen Victoria was as usual wiser than her ministers and most of her contemporaries when writing in 1858 she predicted that Napoleon's interference in Italy would lead to his downfall. The Emperor was anxious to form a confederation of independent Italian states—but the success of the campaign of 1859 led to far greater results than he had ever anticipated—for it brought about not only the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, but also the loss of the temporal power by the Papacy and the union of Italy under the House of Savoy.

Napoleon thus helped to create a new kingdom, a possible rival on the south-eastern frontier of France, whilst at the same time he was allowing another rival to become more and more powerful on his eastern border. He really seems to have been so blind to the true aims of Bismarck as to believe that the peace of France depended upon the strengthening of Prussia. He did not realise that a policy which in the eighteenth century might have forced the non-Prussian states of Germany into an alliance with France, would in the nineteenth century, when the feeling of a common nationality had been aroused in Germany, tend to union, not disruption. He therefore allowed Prussia with the assistance of Austria to rob Denmark of the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, and then failed to intervene when Prussia in the brilliant campaign of 1866 finally established her supremacy in Germany. The North German confederation which was formed after the Austrian war was the first step towards a united Germany.

The war with France proved that the southern states, Baden, Württemberg and Bavaria, were inspired with the same aspirations towards national unity. If the conquests of the first Napoleon overthrew the Ancien Régime throughout Europe, the political ideals of his nephew undoubtedly did much to set up the state system which to-day exists upon the Continent.

THE JAPANESE NAVY.

"The Imperial Japanese Navy." By F. T. Jane. London: Thacker. 1904. 21s.

A COMMON bond unites men of the same calling widely differing in race and creed, and this which—for want of a better term—we may call caste-sympathy is nowhere so strong as amongst those who follow a seafaring life. But there is something more which makes the British sailor take an interest in the navy of Japan, for it is principally due to British training supplemented by their natural gifts of adaptation and improvement that the Japanese have taken a front place in the ranks of maritime power. The battering from the foreign devils' guns at Kagoshima and Shimonoseki convinced Japan that she could no longer retain the exclusiveness which had preserved her from intrusion for 250 years. American bullying brought about the treaty of 1854, and the Japanese gratefully acknowledge that this was the original cause of the national reawakening which may ultimately prove to be the most serious factor with which the United States will have to reckon in her pretension to a domination of the Pacific.

It is an opportune time to produce a book about the navy which is doing so much to justify the patient care bestowed upon it in the last thirty years; but Mr. Jane does not rise to the level of his subject and the general vagueness and inaccuracy which distinguish his work on this occasion display an absolute inability to appreciate the minute attention to detail which is a leading feature of the Japanese character. This vagueness is apparent when he states that Captain Ingles advised strongly against "ironclads" and the "big gun"; "ironclad" is very indefinite and "big gun" a relative term; again, the "Yoshino" is said to have very few equals in speed; a glance at "All the world's fighting ships" suggests that "very few" is at variance with fact, and anyhow the "Yoshino" was rammed by the "Kasuga" on 15 May and now lies at the bottom of the sea.

The preface promises some account of the dockyards and having regard to their importance one would expect them to receive full treatment, but Sassebo is dismissed in nine lines and is represented to be "not of much account as a dockyard" though the saving clause that "it was found most useful in the Chino-Japanese war and its utility continued in the war with Russia" negatives the assertion.

According to Mr. Jane, Sassebo "has neither dry docks nor ships and is essentially a place for minor repairs"; the "Naval Pocket Book" notes one big dock completed and three others building: even as far back as 1902 the Japanese were pushing on with this dockyard and at that time considerable repairs could be undertaken; further, it had slips for small craft and at

the present moment it could without doubt execute any but the very largest repairs. The position of Sassebo makes it clear that it is of vital importance to Japan, for her ships can coal, repair, and complete with stores there without fear of interference, since it is practically impossible to shell it from the sea and the forts and mines at the narrow entrance render it safe from an enemy; the forts also are most difficult to locate.

Kuré is a very important dockyard where all kinds of repairs can be made, and yet it gets no more than a dozen lines, nearly the same space allotted to a description of the "Nippon Yusen Kaisha," which indicates entire want of a sense of perspective. By the way, if it was worth while writing down that the ships of this famous steamship company are painted white, it was worth while taking the trouble to find out they are black with a white stripe, and not unlike our P. and O. Line in appearance.

The account of the Chino-Japanese war is none too accurate. The rumours of British sympathy for the Chinese referred to in the text were probably due to the Chinese proclivities of the commander-in-chief, for with a few exceptions English people felt no interest in the struggle. The 17th September was the date of the battle of Yalu, and the Chinese reinforcements were landed on the 16th, too late to take any part in the battle of Ping-Yang, which had been fought on the 15th; but, after telling us the Chinese had suffered a severe defeat at Ping Yang, Mr. Jane goes on to relate that Ting sailed from Talien Bay on 1 September, reached the mouth of the Yalu the same evening and engaged the Japanese fleet on the following day. He classes five of the Chinese vessels as "battleships", adding a note that except for two they could only be called so by courtesy: of course the "Chen Yuen" and "Ting Yuen" are the two here meant, but the bestowal of a courtesy title on the others implies that Mr. Jane is too lazy to enter into details. His conclusion that line abreast was the best formation for the Chinese fleet will not have many adherents. Line abreast is a "freak" formation for battle and, as the Chinese "fought without signals, on a pre-arranged plan"—an impossible one in this instance. Amongst the plates scattered through the book is a small chart of Wei-Hai-Wei which marks the carelessness too obvious in its pages. The small island with a fort on it situated in the middle of the eastern entrance is missing and the forts on Leu Kun Tau are left out. After the Japanese had captured the forts on the mainland they turned the position on the island and reduced its batteries. Reference is made to a photograph of the "Chen Yuen" in dock; on turning to the plate we notice it purports to represent the "Ting Yuen". The letterpress gives the "Tatsuta" gunboat five torpedo-tubes, one in bow, the others in pairs on each quarter, though the sketch immediately beneath shows one pair on the bow and another pair on the opposite quarter, the written particulars being correct in this instance if "broadside" be read for "quarter". On p. 184 we find that the sole point in which the "Formidable" is superior to the "Asahi" is in the matter of the four guns which the former carries on the main-deck; that the "Formidable" is better off in at least 600 tons coal capacity is quite ignored. P. 124 offers two examples of loose writing:—"The 'Lai Yuen' was by now ablaze; the 'Ching Yuen' was no better off. Both battleships were also on fire." What battleships? And in the next paragraph, "the incidents enabled the battleships to recover". What incidents? none are mentioned. Such expressions as "to be hauled out of action" and "got up anchor" should be avoided by anyone conversant with naval phraseology.

In Mr. Jane's remarks on "personal characteristics" we are not much interested. He does not seem to have managed "to bottom"—the idiom is his own—the Japanese any better than the rest of us. He starts off by calling the Japanese naval officer a Philistine who cordially despises decorative art, and a few pages later proceeds to draw a picture of an "At Home" on board a warship which is incompatible with insensibility to artistic effect: "The officers put all the men to work making paper flowers. Chrysanthemums and cherry-blossoms are the favourites, but convolvuli and iris are

also made as well as a few others. All are singularly beautiful and realistic reproductions."

The creed of the naval officer is defined as nothing more than a worship of the visible embodiment of sea power. "We are more or less given to understand nowadays that Japan has adopted Christianity" is taken as a text to enlarge upon the agnosticism of the people in general and a few anecdotes are introduced to disparage Japanese professions of religion: a little book issued by the S.P.G., called "The Christian Faith in Japan", may help to convince Mr. Jane it is dangerous to generalise from the particular: it certainly does not assume the Christian population to exceed 134,000, but reverence and reticence, natural traits in the Japanese character, are no bad foundation for a sincere belief in the unseen. We must apologise for this digression but when the author of the "Imperial Japanese Navy" discusses the religious ethics of its officers to the neglect of its torpedo craft about which hardly a word is said, we may be held excused.

THE CITY OF ENCHANTMENTS.

"Naples." Painted by Augustine Fitzgerald. Described by Sybil Fitzgerald. London: Black. 1904. 20s. net.

SENSUOUS and beautiful Campania is seductive as the songs of its Syrens. "See Naples and die" has often been translated by the traveller who has fallen under the spell, into "See Naples, linger on and dream away a voluptuous existence". Not that the other saying which Mrs. Fitzgerald cites—"Winter is a word"—is to be taken literally. Winter in the city itself is often a detestable season: the snow lies on the lower slopes of burning Vesuvius, and Sorrento itself, a summer paradise, with its narrow streets and shaded ravines, may be the sunless cave of blustering Boreas. But at all seasons there are refuges to be sought out, where you can get as much sunshine in the darkest of the months as may reasonably be expected in Europe: the air is scented with the fragrance of orange grove and lemon garden; and with the islands floating in the dim haze, between azure sky and azure sea, nowhere is there more enchanting variety of scenery. Turning the pages of this volume, we are arrested at once by the truthful realism of the innumerable drawings which embellish it. Mr. Fitzgerald has happily hit off, without exaggeration, the kaleidoscope of colours in trees and flowers, the character-types and the costumes: the play of dancing shadows under a glaring sun, filtering through the tracery of sheltering foliage. So in the text Mrs. Fitzgerald has been inspired by the spirit of a congenial theme. It is little that she comes well equipped for the work with full knowledge of late Italian history and letters: that the pages are gemmed with happy translations from the poets of many nations. But she is blessed with the lively imagination which transports her to the past, though even when she conjures up the old life in Pompeii there is a critical spirit which condemns their wall-painting and notes the decadence of early Imperial art. It may be said that she is an enthusiast, but the expression of her admiration is so natural that from personal experiences we are always inclined to sympathise. Indeed we have read her book with very mingled feelings, though pleasure predominates over the pain. For in reviving so many delightful memories, she makes us look back with fond regret on scenes which may never be revisited.

Yet there is one somewhat melancholy consolation, when progress is vulgarising immemorial romance. Who would have dreamed in the last generation of shrieking electric cars traversing the brigand-haunted solitudes between Castellamare and Sorrento? Who would have thought of any promoter, even the magnificently speculative Prince Torlonia, who imagined the reclamation of the Pontine marshes, contemplating an electric railway between Naples and Rome? Naples itself was always a city of sad contrasts, full of life and fashionable ostentation in the Villa Reale and Santa Lucia, but with back labyrinths of foul and darksome fondaci where light and fresh air could never penetrate. If sanitation had kept pace with Haussmannism or

vandalism we should have had nothing to say. But the new blocks of many-storied buildings which have spoiled the picturesqueness of that inimitable sea front have only intensified the overcrowding of the paupers and fertilised the hotbeds of chronic disease.

In Naples and its enchanting environs, the softness of the climate and the richness of the soil have been the curses of an indolent and superstitious people. They pay their vows to the Madonna and the Saints in good times, deserting their shrines when things are going badly, and if they have macaroni, the cocomero or dried fish for the day, are content to take no thought for the morrow. The women do the work: the men loaf about their orange gardens, lounge over their nets or sleep away the hours in the sunshine, and with scarcely an exception are passionate gamblers, investing any spare soldi in the Government lotteries. It is a melancholy look-out, and the dry rot of inveterate indolence seems inherent in the race. Yet from the natural conservatories of the Phlegrean fields with their stimulating subterranean fires and volcanic Ischia in the north to the solitary temples of malarious Paestum in the south, stretches a Paradise that should yield magnificent returns with the minimum of effort. Things were not always as they are now, though from the days of Phœnician and Grecian immigration, Naples has always been indebted to the foreigner. The Norman conquerors crossing from Sicily, the Princes of Anjou and the Spanish Viceroys, embellished the capital with palaces, churches and fountains, with paintings, sculpture and gardens for recreation. The law schools of Salerno were once famous through the world, and there was a time when the native mariners of Amalfi were trading in every port of the East. So the æsthetic traveller may not only luxuriate in unrivalled scenery, but study marvels of mediæval art in dead-alive fishing towns, or transport himself into the daily life of Pagan Rome in cities submerged by the lava floods.

LO THE POOR RUSTIC.

"A Modern Bœotia. Pictures from Life in a Country Parish." By Deborah Primrose. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

IN the making of books about the country there are two fundamental differences in the manner of handling the rustic character. In the first, the author at least tries—for there are subtle hindrances in the way—to put himself on the level of the race he depicts, to enter into their modes of thought, and to present their peculiarities with reference to their own scale and square of life. The second method makes no attempt to get at the inner meanings of the rural mind, but produces its effects of quaintness or humour by contrasting country ways, their darkness, their crookedness, their dirt, with the author's standard of culture by dragging in, so to say, the anachronistic rustic of Little Pedlington to show his tricks for the polite entertainment of a Bayswater drawing-room. "A Modern Bœotia" is a well-marked instance of the latter method. In it the writer who takes the name of the Vicar of Wakefield's lady has set forth observations on village life made during a six years' tenancy of a country parsonage. The book would have more claim to consideration if frankly put forward as evolved from the inner consciousness—the scenery, the characters and the writer's personality all assumed together with the pseudonym—than as a study from life. The patois spoken by the characters looks like a mixture of Whitechapel with the more familiar peculiarities of "Wessex"; of the dialect of thought and its modes of expression—a much subtler and weightier matter than the setting down of strange diphthongs, and one rarely recognised—there is hardly a trace. One example should suffice here: when a village mother is made to say: "the sweet little angels as they be, with their eyes blue as the summer sky in June, and their rosebuddy mouths, the jam-tarts of the parish, I call 'em, and so exact the himige of you, m'm, they be, that they might be your blessed photograrfs in little, so to speak", the man who has the true Doric by heart will hardly contain an incredulus odi. There is an

uncertainty of touch in details, and a prevailing commonplace in description, a blunt edge in noting the differences of season and landscape, which are the usual marks of a picture "done out of one's own head". But it is quite possible that anyone so much out of sympathy with country thought and manners as the writer professes herself to be might produce such a study from the life, caricaturing the fact precisely as do the conscientious amateur's heads in oil from the model, or the beginner's snapshots with a cheap camera. The reference, censorious or funny, to the civilised standard is constant. Several times the oppression of the silence of "Snorum End" is insisted on, as "petrifying", "terrifying", and "abnormal". The inversion of the natural order of things in the last epithet is a curious illustration of a not uncommon attitude of mind; the roar of the gaslit streets has become the rule, and Nature's stillness errs from it. The writer imports into the solitude of a poor parsonage in the wilds such a purely urban amenity as the fear of "Bill Sikes and his clan"; she explains that "distance from shops, trains, and from entertainments of every kind is the cause of much of the unintelligent dullness among the people, and of a real sense of solitude to ourselves". Her references to times of sickness as especially bringing out the "combined ignorance and obstinacy of these people", her remark that the village women at a festivity reminded her in their blaze of colour and their loud garrulity more of a parrot-house than of human beings, quite sufficiently explain the temper which, with the objects before it, could produce such a travesty of village life as "Snorum End". There is no room in England to-day for such an encampment of grotesques. It is not a question of knowing this or that numeric hamlet: if any man will spend the best part of his life, not six, but twenty to forty years—summer and winter—in getting to know the people of one country-side, with occasional comparative expeditions into other areas, and will study the impressions of other observers which bear the unmistakable stamp of reality—such studies as Dr. Jessopp's East Anglian characters, Waugh's Cumbrian, or Barnes' Dorset folk—if he will but take this trouble, he will learn to recognise a common strain of expression, certain typical Bœtian qualities whose neglect or violation makes such idylls as "Snorum End" mere stagey phantasms.

So long as London continues to be the centre to which authors gravitate, and from which the laws of taste are given, and so long as a certain speed of production is maintained, the external rather than the intimate method of presenting country character will continue to be in favour with authors and public, and the rustic will remain a Titan of elementary passion, sordid and immoral, chained at gloomy toil, or, on the lighter side, babbling humour which depends largely upon phonetic spelling. The fundamental mistake lies in the assumption that the superior sharpness of town intellect is able in a temporary sojourn in the wild to dissect and display the simple country character to its last fibre. The typical Londoner has no sort of doubt about his own equipment; his mind is as capacious as a butterfly-net, and as hard as a geologist's hammer, and shall the yokel's notions be too flutter-winged, or his pia mater too hard for him? He ignores Nature's protective contrivances, the caution which shams dead or rolls up, quick and prickly as a hedgehog, at the hint of a strange presence. He cannot afford to wait ten years for the hedgehog to unroll; or to learn that he is being laughed at behind the mask of what he calls hopeless stolidity. Above all he drives that hard bargain which always breaks the buyer in the end, trying to get pathos without giving sympathy, and humour below its fixed price in the balanced experience of life.

THE LAW OF PATENTS.

"The Grant and Validity of Letters Patent for Inventions." By James Roberts. London: Murray. 1903. 25s. net.

THERE is no lack of treatises dealing fully with the subject of Letters Patent for inventions. Lawyers will be none the less grateful for Mr. Roberts' work,

which differs in form and to some extent in substance from the traditional summary of statutes and of decided cases which constitutes the bulk of our modern legal literature. Mr. Roberts, who besides being a member of the Bar is also an engineer, writes primarily from the point of view of inventors, to whom he offers a practical guide to the principles as well as the formalities which must be kept in view in claiming a grant of Letters Patent. But while addressing himself in the first instance to inventors, he is dealing with a legal topic; and the result, which is wholly excellent, is a legal treatise of exceptional value—a law book by necessity and in no sense by accident. Without going so far as to say that the author has himself displayed sufficient inventiveness to evolve a new method of writing a law book, one may fairly claim for his treatment of a difficult subject that it displays originality without losing either in accuracy or in comprehensiveness. The book is divided into two parts: a summary of the practice followed in the case of applications for Letters Patent and of the principles which govern the validity of a grant, and an abstract of leading cases. Where all is good, it is difficult to pick out particular excellences; but the analysis in the second chapter of the "limits of manufacture", together with the selection of illustrative examples, will serve as an instance of Mr. Roberts' admirable lucidity. In preparing the abstracts of leading cases particular care has been taken to arrive at the material facts and the actual decision, avoiding general statements and obiter dicta which, as has once more been repeated by the House of Lords in a recent case, may prove misleading when divorced from the circumstances of the particular case which prompted them, and to which alone they are strictly applicable. By no means the least valuable part of the abstract is the illustrations, in the preparation of which the author has in many instances gone far beyond reproducing the sketches annexed to the specifications filed at the Patent Office.

A treatise of the kind under review is particularly welcome at a time when the British system of granting Letters Patent is being subjected to the now universal process of unfavourable comparison with that of other countries, from which none of our industries and few of our institutions are spared. Such criticism, to be valuable, must rest on a knowledge of the actual facts, in the ascertainment of which a sound guide is of the highest importance. The different conceptions of the nature of patent right exhibited by various legal systems are due to historical causes. Our system is based upon the saving clause inserted in the Statute of Monopolies securing the "sole working or making of any manner of new manufactures within this realm to the true and first inventor and inventors of such manufactures"—in other words the protection of the public from monopolies is in the foreground of our patent legislation. In modern systems, such as that of the United States, the principal object aimed at is the encouragement of inventors and the development of new industries. The effect upon the evolution of legal principles does not necessarily differ in either system, the conception of such requisites of a patent as novelty or utility differing but slightly, if at all, whatever the manner may be in which the administration of the law is dealt with. It is really with reference to questions of administration that the present controversies arise. According to our system, the validity of a patent can only be finally determined by litigation in the ordinary courts, the actual grant of Letters Patent being, broadly speaking, dependent in the first instance upon the fulfilment of certain formal conditions. Hence it is said that a patent is obtainable in England for anything, however worthless, and the Departmental Committee which reported in 1901 that upwards of 42 per cent. of the specifications accepted by the Patent Office have been anticipated either in whole or in part, has only provided a concrete instance of the obvious fact that under such a system as ours the number of worthless grants must be very large. It follows that the commercial value of an English patent is extremely small until it has stood the test of an expensive litigation. In the United States and in Germany every application is subjected to a rigorous examination, although the officials of the Patent Offices in these countries

approach the question of making a grant from somewhat opposite points of view, the German Patent Office declining to make a grant unless the examiners are satisfied that a claim for a patent has been fully made out, while in the United States the Commissioners lean towards making a grant rather than to a refusal, on the ground that a patent for an invention, or an improvement, however important in itself, may have some effect upon the general trade of the country. The principal advantages claimed for a preliminary examination are that it gives to patent property a marketable value, such as an English patent only acquires after its validity has been subjected to the test of litigation, that it prevents infringements of the rights of patentees more effectually than a system under which such infringements are only dealt with in the courts; that it secures inventors from the expense and vexation of taking out worthless patents; and that it confers upon a patentee a title which is of commercial value as opposed to a mere inchoate right to establish such title in the event of its being attacked. Such a system is no doubt an ideal one if it can be effectively worked, but the evidence is far from establishing that American or German inventors are substantially in a more favoured position than are those in this country. Neither in America nor in Germany does the grant of a patent carry with it a final and indefeasible title; in America in particular no court will accept a patent in evidence without extraneous proof of its validity. Consequently a very slight presumption of validity is all that is gained as the result of an examination which involves an enormous expenditure both in time and money, while the only real advantage gained is in producing clearness and definiteness in the document of title upon which the patentee will eventually rely.

It is in this state of things, as illustrated in the Report of the Committee of the Board of Trade presented in 1901, that the Patent Act of 1902 was passed. The principal change introduced by the Act is a "further investigation for the purpose of ascertaining whether the invention claimed has been wholly or in part claimed or described in any specification (other than a provisional specification not followed by a complete specification) published before the date of the application and deposited pursuant to any application for a patent made in the United Kingdom within fifty years before the date of the application". The innovation, which is purely experimental and has not yet been put into practice, deals only with one of the many subjects of inquiry which need to be pursued before a patent can be pronounced valid, but is attacked by advocates of reform as not going far enough, and by opponents of the American system as a step in a wrong direction. Mr. Roberts, who avoids discussing questions of policy, offers no opinion; for ourselves we are inclined to adopt the view of several members of the Departmental Committee that the object of the search should be assistance and not control, and that in administering a system of law, whose principles have been so fully worked out as those which go to form our patent law, the Courts are a better instrument than any Government department, whatever its capacity and organisation.

NOVELS.

"The Last Hope." By Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder. 1904. 6s.

There is a constant fascination in the invention of possible conspiracies: the plots that were never made transcend in interest the plots that failed, just as these surpass the plans that won success. There is something futile in a real plot which actually came to disaster, whereas your imaginary conspirator is free from material trammels. Mr. Seton Merriman had not the exact knowledge—though his facile generalisations concealed this from his public—which is required for an historical novel. But he had a gift for vivid scenes, for contrast of warring temperaments, especially serviceable in the politics of fantasy. In his last novel he takes France in 1851 for his theatre. The Orleanists had come to grief, the Second Republic was a mere stopgap, Louis Napoleon, Prince President, seemed unlikely to climb higher than his marvellous luck had

already carried him. The Legitimists had no leader. But what if they had been able to find a son of Louis XVII., the Dauphin whose mysterious fate had already encouraged pretenders, and what if the new discovery had been a man of action? Mr. Merriman produces from Suffolk the seafaring son of a boy who had escaped from France during the Terror, had married a Suffolk villager, kept silence through life, and on his death-bed buried his papers. The boy has the Bourbon features, and is known to the villagers as Loo Barebone. He is traced by Royalists who believe in his authenticity aided by an English sympathiser, who at least thinks that a strong case can be built up, and he is taught to believe in himself. Later he finds that the evidence has been doctored—but it is not yet quite certain that his father was not the escaped Dauphin. Had it not been for the inevitable strong quiet man—this time a fat English banker who hated the Bourbons—Loo Barebone might have been ready in time. As it is, Louis Napoleon brought off the coup d'état while his rival was still in want of funds. The author interweaves his imaginings very skilfully with historical facts, and the sentimental experiences of the Pretender add effect to the story. Unhappily there is a good deal of the pulpit manner in its telling. There is no sign of failing power in the book, which is a good example of the stereotyped method of its writer, and the interest is maintained up to a fine climax. It is certainly one of Mr. Seton Merriman's best novels.

"Portalone." By C. Ranger-Gull. London: Greening. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Ranger-Gull seems to us to make a tactical mistake in writing a gushing preface to this very slight novel. It really does not matter to whom he owes the fact that he "made knowledge of the wildest parts of Cornwall": it is more important that he has not made literature of them. The book is written round a theme which has engaged the attention of other novelists: the juxtaposition of artists' colonies with the primitive life of the Duchy. Its author has a successful knack of hitting off the kind of man who is essentially a bounder and only professedly an artist, but he completely fails to get inside the very inaccessible mind of the Cornish fisherman: the task needs a fine insight, if not hereditary understanding. Mingled with this theme is the drama of a love affair between a virtuous hero and a married woman, and the whole thing gets into such a tangle that it has to be cut by a murderer's knife—the said murderer being a bigger fool than Cornwall generally breeds. There are some of the elements of good work, but they are overlaid with desperate attempts at fine writing. "Old salty mariners with ears full of the plangent tolling of great waters" may serve as a specimen. To the unsympathetic the phrase will suggest only the peculiarly unpleasant sensation that comes after a dive, but the author probably means something quite different.

"Lindley Kays." By Barry Pain. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

There is something of an older fashion in the biographical scheme of this book. We make acquaintance with Lindley Kays when he is a schoolboy of twelve, we see him at school and at college, as a reviewer, as a successful dramatist, and we bid him farewell on the eve of what promises to be a happy marriage. But the treatment is quite modern; of that the author's name is a sufficient guarantee. Mr. Barry Pain's outlines are clear and hard; there are no shadows, there is no mystery. His incisive method finds ample scope amid the minor morals and the heavy sanctimonies of a tradesman's family. It is not surprising that a future dramatist found life oppressive in such a home as Mr. Pain describes. The reader, however, who is not called upon to put up with its restrictions, will find the author's account of these matters frequently diverting. He may, on the other hand, be wearied by some prosaic chapters which tell how an ironmongery business was saved from failure. Lindley Kays is interesting as a boy, but he does not grow up into a very likeable man. Let us hope that matrimony improved him. The story to which he gives his name is not for all tastes, but its cleverness is undeniable.

"The Song of the Forest." By Paul Waineman. London: Methuen. 6s.

To say that this novel is about Finland, and that its merit lies in the description of scenery and not in plot, dialogue or character study, is practically to exhaust the reviewer's task. At the same time it may be well to mention that Mr. Waineman is not one of those writers who believe that an exotic setting demands bizarre conduct or ideas on the part of the figures in the story. The types of most of the people who occur in this book might be found in any English rural neighbourhood. The hero, a young man of good family, sets himself against the passive resistance movement which forbids Finns to obey the conscription, and we leave him under the shadow of an impending boycott. His consolation is that the child-like heroine "drew herself up proudly and held out her hand: 'I wish to be the mother of your children'. 'Rose-Marie! ah, Rose-Marie!' he said brokenly". And so say all of us. But, except that we cannot commend the inartistic welding of what seems to be the fragments of two separate stories, the novel is not unpleasing in spite of its meagreness as a story.

"The Blue Fox." By W. H. Helm. London: Nash. 1904. 3s. 6d.

"A Soldier and a Gentleman." By James MacLaren Cobban. London: Long. 1904. 6s.

The indolent reviewer, who knew not Mr. W. H. Helm, might fall into a very pretty trap. We can imagine the disdain with which the melodramatic language of "The Blue Fox" could be overwhelmed, the sneers at its plot, the pedantic reproof of its obvious blunders, and the desperate discomfiture when the author's genial laugh explained the joke. He has already revealed himself to be a prime parodist and now again exhibits the delicacy of his wit. We are not quite sure that delicacy is not wasted upon modern sensational fiction, already at the nadir of absurdity, below the reach of caricature. But Mr. Helm's fooling is so merry that it might almost command forgiveness from the Boothby school, who could not fail to profit from a reading of their imitator. Among the many gems, we are inclined to prefer the description of Gobelin tapestries, "whose subjects, as the name suggests, were the loves and wars of the gnomes and the pixies". A foreigner disguised as an Englishman is also felicitous. He was "a red-faced man, with brown hair, dressed in a knickerbocker suit of check tweed, with white spats over patent-leather boots, and wearing a midget portrait of Mr. Chamberlain as a tie-pin". His card naturally bore the legend "Mr. Jones, Esquire".

Coming from "The Blue Fox" to Mr. Cobban's romance, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that we are being hoaxed again. The personages are so unnatural, the situations are so improbable and the narrative is so uninteresting that serious intent is scarcely credible. But there is not a laugh in the book, either with or at the author, and his coarseness is often repulsive.

"A Great Man: a Frolic." By Arnold Bennett. London: Chatto and Windus. 1904. 6s.

The autobiography of a thoroughly Philistine novelist would be a work of interest. We have had revelations from philosophers who gloried in their inability to appreciate the things that matter most, but the good honest writer of fiction with the soul of a draper's assistant who really does not know the difference between his own output and genuine literature is incapable of self-portraiture. Mr. Bennett has kindly consented to do for these people what they are powerless to do for themselves: he traces the career of a blameless ill-educated middle-class youth, who writes a bad novel with no particular design, finds it succeed, follows it up by others, and wins fame and fortune without ever coming near the discovery of what literature means. From his luxurious mansion the Great Man contemplates with amazement the career of a sculptor cousin, always hard up, rather disreputable, who yet in some mysterious way commands the admiration of people who ignore the novels that have built up the aforesaid mansion. The problem puzzles him, but he contentedly turns to illustrated interviews. The theme is a 'good one, and Mr. Bennett writes wittily.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Sir William Henry Flower." By Charles J. Cornish. London: Macmillan. 1904. 8s. 6d. net.

This book of not more than three hundred pages is described as a personal memoir, the intention being to mark the fact that it is not designed as a record of Sir William Flower's technical work as a man of science. The first two chapters are by a son, Mr. Victor A. Flower, and the last by Lady Flower; and Mr. Cornish only gives so much scientific detail as would be inevitable in a memoir of the Curator of the Hunterian Museum and Hunterian Professor and the Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. Sir William died in 1899, and the biography appears, if rather late, yet not too late to make it a record of interest to his surviving contemporaries and to all indeed who have pleasure in reading of any member of that group of able men whose names are associated with the fight about natural selection. Sir William, a young man of about twenty-eight when the "Origin of Species" appeared, was within three years rearranging the Hunterian Museum on evolutionary lines, and was thus not only one of the earliest converts to a doctrine which presented peculiar difficulties to a pious and orthodox Christian as he was, but did the doctrine immense practical service by presenting it in concrete pictures alike to the scientific and the lay mind. He carried on this work when he was appointed to the directorship of the Natural History Museum; and Mr. Cornish gives a readable account of his practical skill in the arduous work of making this institution worthy of its national status. If Sir William was not one of the great original men of science he was one of the most useful of his day; and his devotion and zeal, and the services he rendered to the spread of scientific ideas among the intelligent of all classes merited the recognition of a biography such as this. The writers have observed an admirable perspective; and it has the merit of being appropriate to its subject. There are pleasing sketches of Sir William's family relations and of his friendships with distinguished men such as the late Duke of Argyll and Lord Tennyson; and we may read on one page an address at Oxford to preserve students from infidelity produced by a too superficial acquaintance with Darwinism, and on others disquisitions on seals and whales, on cremation or bearing-reins.

"A Short History of Ancient Egypt." By Percy E. Newberry and J. Garstang. London: Constable. 1904. 3s. 6d.

Histories of ancient Egypt are now so numerous that it might be thought there was no room for another. The one, however, which has just been published by Messrs. Newberry and Garstang supplies a want. It is an historical sketch rather than a history, and while putting aside needless or uninteresting details gives a broad and intelligent view of Egyptian history as it has been revealed to us by recent discoveries. It is thus distinguished from other books on the same subject not only by its comprehensive brevity, but also by its incorporation of the latest results of excavation and research with the new theories which the authors have been led to base upon them. Among the latter may be mentioned the very probable suggestion that the title of Horus assumed by the Pharaohs originated in the fact that it was a chieftain of the Hawk district who first united a portion of southern Egypt under his single rule, and the further suggestion that Hyksos influence and even blood had made their way into the Egyptian monarchy as early as the age of the Twelfth dynasty. The book is written in a clear and attractive style, and the practical experience of the authors in the work of Egyptian excavation lends a special value to their conclusions. English scholars, however, are not likely to accept the restricted chronology which they seem inclined to adopt.

BOOKS ON ART.

"The German and Flemish Masters in the National Gallery." By Mary H. Witt. London: Bell. 1904. 6s. net.

"Mural Painting." By F. Hamilton Jackson. London: Sands. 1904. 5s. net.

"The Royal Academy, from Reynolds to Millais." Offices of the "Studio". 1904. 5s. net.

"Chantrey and his Bequest." London: Cassell and Co. 1904.

"Illustrated Catalogue of a Loan Collection of Portraits." Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1904.

"Benozzo Gozzoli." London: George Newnes. 1904.

"How to judge Architecture." By Russell Sturgis. London: Macmillan and Co. 1904. 6s. net.

The German and Flemish schools in the National Gallery have never attracted English students to anything like the extent of the Italian, and the literature dealing with them has been correspondingly small. Yet some of the most thorough work of historical research on this subject has been the work of an Englishman, Mr. Weale, and the exhibition some years ago at Bruges increased the interest felt by the general student in the art of the Netherlands. Mrs. Witt's is we think the first attempt to review these schools,

taking the National Gallery collection as a starting-point, and her book can be recommended as well informed and competent, though specialists might find points for disagreement and correction. In one very important respect the collection has been improved since Mrs. Witt's book appeared. The blank she deplores in the matter of Albert Dürer is no longer absolute; for the portrait of Dürer's Father, exhibited at the Old Masters last winter, has been acquired from the Marquis of Northampton's collection. Doubts were thrown on its authenticity at the time, chiefly depending on the inscriptions of the different versions. We are glad to see that on this point the last word has not been said, and that the latest writer on the subject (Mr. C. J. Holmes in the "Burlington Magazine" for August) supports the view expressed in these columns that we have here an authentic Dürer and apparently the very picture that was in Charles I.'s collection. We shall be glad if the manual before us leads more of our English students to the wholesome tonic of Northern realism and vigour. It is strange for how little the example of Van Eyck, Dürer and Holbein has counted in the ideals of English painting.

Mr. Hamilton Jackson has followed up his interesting handbook on the art of Intarsia with one on Mural Painting. He is versed in the literature of his subject as well as in its monuments, and his description of processes is careful and trustworthy. English painters had to suffer from inexperience fifty years ago when attempts at fresco were revived. Mr. Jackson's book includes an account of the expedients used at the Royal Exchange in the recent work there to avoid the decay that overtook so much of the work at the Houses of Parliament.

The summer number of the "Studio" is devoted to the illustration of a hundred years of the Royal Academy, its painters, sculptors, architects and engravers. The illustrations,

(Continued on page 308.)

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profuse and excellent as usual, are accompanied by brief essays on each section by Mr. W. S. Sparrow, and prefaced by a short account of the Academy by Mr. W. K. West. Facsimiles of letters are interspersed. The illustration of architecture is naturally the least adequate, and the accompanying essay also; the revival of some little known sculptors is the most interesting part of the book. But it is useful to have a general conspectus like this, and the list of Academicians alone gives the work a value for reference.

Messrs. Cassell's little book giving illustrations of all the works in the Chantrey Collection for a shilling is timely and cheap. A biographical note, text of the will, and some heads of the questions in dispute have been added.

We dealt at the time with the loan collection of Historical Portraits at Oxford. The catalogue is now published with a large number of reproductions at a very small price. Oxford men, as well as specialists in the history of English portraiture, will welcome its appearance.

The "Benozzo Gozzoli" in Messrs. Newnes' art series is well done. There is a brief account of the painter by Mr. Hugh Stokes, a list of the chief works, and then the works themselves. This pretty, popular painting is the door through which countless students have approached the greater Italian Primitives, and its reproduction may serve the same purpose for a yet larger number of people.

Mr. Sturgis is well known as one of the most learned and readable of the American students of architecture, and as editor of that valuable work of reference, the "Dictionary of Architecture and Building." We are inclined to think that the present volume falls a little between two stools, that of the student who would gladly have more of knowledge and theory, and that of the general reader who prefers fanciful embroidery; but it is sound reading, so far as it goes, for one and the other.

"Leonardo da Vinci." By Herbert P. Horne. (Artists' Library, No. IX.) London: Sign of the Unicorn. 1903.

"Leonardo da Vinci." By Edward McCurdy. London: George Bell & Sons. 1904.

"Liber Studiorum." By J. M. W. Turner. London: George Newnes. 1904.

"Rembrandt." By Emile Michel. In 1 volume. London: Heinemann. 1903.

Mr. Horne has done an excellent piece of scholar's work in his "Leonardo da Vinci." He has given us a translation of Vasari's Life of the artist marked at once by close technical accuracy and literary sympathy, and to this he has appended at the points where they are required notes embodying the additions and corrections that modern research has suggested. Some of these researches are Mr. Horne's own work; for example, he tells us what was probably the fate of the picture of the "Battle of the Standard"; namely that it gave place to a large fresco by Vasari himself; hence the silence of the biographer. This slim volume will take its place on the shelves of all students of the master.

Mr. McCurdy's volume is an attempt to give in small an account of Leonardo and his work. The vast literature of the subject makes such a task a difficult one, but Mr. McCurdy's is one of the best volumes that has appeared in this series.

Messrs. Newnes send us a new reproduction in process of the Liber Studiorum plates. The volume is handy in size, and the introduction, by Mr. C. F. Bell, gives the facts about the production, and an interesting discussion of Turner's probable reasons for dropping its publication.

We reviewed at length M. Michel's "Rembrandt" on the first appearance of the translation. The two volumes have now been published in one, with no loss of text or illustrations, and with the latest corrections of the author. It is a more convenient work of reference in this shape, and is cheap at the price.

"Millet and the Barbizon School." By Arthur Tomson. London: Bell. 10s. 6d. net.

"Adventures among Pictures." By C. Lewis Hind. London: Black. 1904.

"Whistler as I knew him." By Mortimer Menpes. London: Black. 1904. 40s. net.

Mr. Arthur Tomson is well known as a landscape painter, though his appearances in London galleries have not been so numerous in the last few years as they were at one time. From his own work we should expect a sympathetic treatment of the French masters he writes about in this volume. A good deal has been written in England about these painters, and much of the ground Mr. Tomson has covered is familiar, but he writes with the understanding of a painter and in an unaffected and agreeable manner. Each writer, moreover, throws the facts into a differing light, and an example of this is the attention Mr. Tomson gives to the earlier work of J. F. Millet. This is often slurred over as a preliminary and mistaken part of his career; but it is very beautiful of its kind, and proves how far Millet could have gone had he cultivated the more sensuous side of painting. The chapter on Dupré is perhaps the freshest in the volume, for Dupré suffers a little in history by the presence of his great companions. Some of the illustrations, also, are commendably unfamiliar; for example Millet's early

picture of S. Barbara. Those who are not familiar with the original books on Millet, Dupré, Diaz and Rousseau will find this volume a good summary of the literature.

Mr. Hind's book is a collection of articles contributed to the "Academy" during his editorship of that paper. Mr. Hind has an ingenious mind, a keen eye and a gift of descriptive writing. He avoids the sameness of a survey of the galleries by varying his method of attack, now starting from a book read, now from a colloquy real or imagined, now from an incident or memory of intercourse with artists. All this makes him an excellent chronicler, and leaves a good deal of his criticism readable in its collected form. His method also, of not pretending to previous knowledge of all his subjects but developing them in the order of his own discovery, is a good way of introducing them to other newcomers. He does not always get them quite by the right end, but for one reason or another he is interested, and is likely to interest others. All books, it should be remembered, are not written for those who know, but many for those in the position of travellers to a new country, who do not want to go about with a professional guide, but are glad to have the company of a friendly person a little more familiar with things than themselves, but not too familiar to be beyond all surprise and puzzle. In Mr. Hind we think many readers may find such a companion. A good many illustrations are given: the colour-plates are not all very successful, and make the book more costly than need be. It is nicely printed and got up.

The third book on our list is a gossiping account by the author of his relations with Whistler, accompanied by a large number of reproductions of etchings and drawings. Mr. Menpes, it appears, made himself useful to Whistler for a number of years, but lost favour; the relations were broken off and not resumed. We cannot congratulate him on the taste with which he has seized upon the occasion of the artist's death to put forth a store of recollections that display him in the most trivial light, while in the same volume the artist's works that happened to be in the writer's possession are reproduced as an additional attraction. Mr. Menpes professes unchanged admiration and friendliness for his subject; let him ask himself how this performance would have struck his former "master". A unique and very beautiful etching of Whistler's mother is among the plates reproduced; many of them have only the rather silly collector's interest of a few scratches more or less than other "states". The colour-printed drawing of Whistler (presumably from a photograph) that appears as a frontispiece is as disagreeable as much of the text, and the colour-printing throughout is not the least of the liberties this remarkable disciple has allowed himself.

For this Week's Books see page 310.

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A Ladder of Swords (Gilbert Parker); Mrs. Peter Liston (The Earl of Ellesmere). Heinemann. 6s. each.
The New Delilah (Eleanore S. Terry). Scott. 6s.
Orrain (S. Levett-Yeats). Methuen. 6s.
A Woman's Soul. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.
They Twain (Mrs. Aubrey Richardson). Unwin. 6s.
The Works of Mark Rutherford: Miriam Schooling; Father Furze. Unwin. 1s. net each.

LAW.

A Selection of Cases illustrative of the English Law of Tort (Courtney Stanhope Kenny). Cambridge: at the University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Vol. XX., No. I.: The Office of Justice of the Peace in England (Charles A. Beard), 6s.; Vol. XX., No. II.: A History of Military Government in Newly Acquired Territory of the United States (David Vance Thomas), 8s.; Vol. XXI., No. I.: Treaties, their Making and Enforcement (Samuel B. Crandall), 6s. New York: at the Columbia University Press; London: King.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Trees: a Handbook of Forest Botany for the Woodlands and the Laboratory (H. Marshall Ward. Vol. I.: Buds and Twigs). Cambridge: at the University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

A Channel Passage and Other Poems (Algernon Charles Swinburne). Chatto and Windus. 7s.
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REPRINTS.

The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy (Alfred Burton). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.
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SCHOOL BOOKS.

Dent's First English Book (Walter Rippmann), 2s. net; Dent's Shakespeare for Schools: Merchant of Venice (Edited by R. M'William), 1s. 4d. Dent.
Le Baron de Fourchevif (par MM. Labiche et A. Jolly. Edited by A. H. Smith); Prose et Vers (Théophile Gautier. Edited by F. B. Kirkman). Black. 6d. each.
Japanese Grammar (H. J. Weintz. "Hossfeld's Series"). Hirschfeld Brothers. 10s. 6d. net.

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The Soul's Love (E. Hermitage Day). Palmer and Sons. 1s. net.
Quatrains of Hâli, The: Maulavi Saiyid Altâf Husain Ansâri Pânipati (Edited by G. E. Ward). Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Decimal Coinage and the Metric System of Weights and Measures (Edwyn Anthony). Routledge.
Die Osterfestberechnung auf den Britischen Inseln (Eine historisch-chronologische Studie von Dr. phil. Joseph Schmid). Regensburg: G. J. Manz. 2m.
Cabinet and War, The (Major Evans-Gordon M.P.). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
Glosses, Selections from Old Irish (John Strachan). Dublin: Hodges, Figgis. 3s. 6d. net.
Life Assurance Agent's Vade-Mecum, The (James Wilkie). Waterlow. 1s.
Manhood, The Road to (W. Beach Thomas). George Allen. 6s.
Sociology of a New York City Block, The (Thomas Jesse Jones). King. 4s.
Souls of the Streets, The, and Other Little Papers (Arthur Ransome). Lanthorn Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Transvaal and Orange River Colony: Report of the Director of Education for the Period Nov. 1900—Feb. 1904. Johannesburg: Esson and Perkins.
Westminster Abbey (John Fulleylove and Mrs. A. Murray Smith). Black. 7s. 6d. net.

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